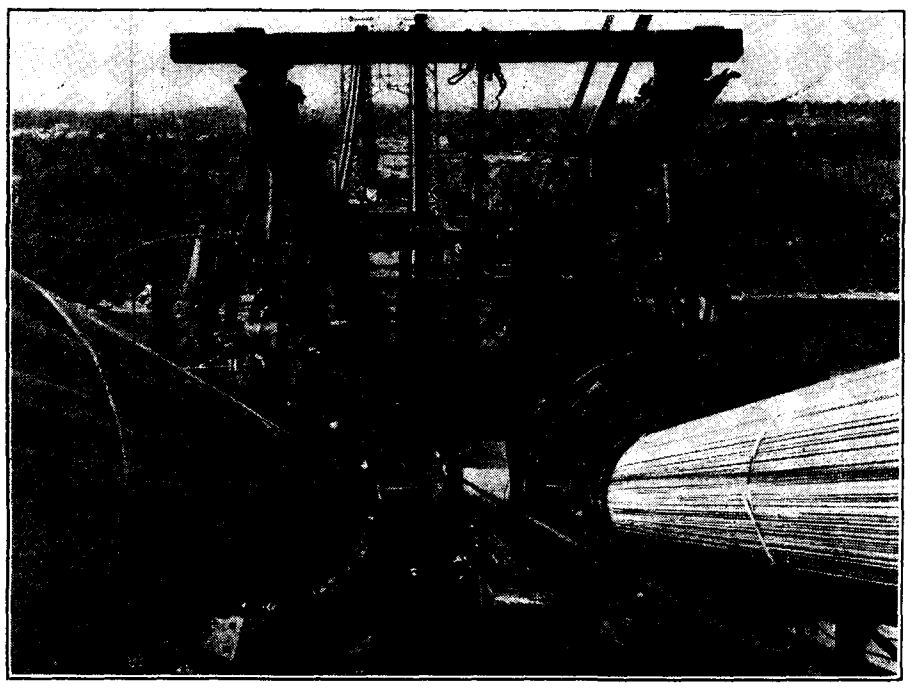
TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME VIII | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1932 | NUMBER 34



Courtesy, Port of New York Authority

"Cut-Throat Bandits!"

AND so Dr. Sirovich (who once had a play "panned") and his Congressional Committee have summoned the dramatic critics to Washington to be investigated, since it seems that they have ruined the theatrical business by telling the public that 80 per cent of the plays are bad. But this is as good as proof that we are living in a vigorous age of literature! Every virile period has reviled its critics—worms, dogs, venal species, malicious cats, dyspectics, gall stones, cankered and envious fools, "those cut-throat bandits on the paths of fame—are a few of the milder names by which they have been called. Poor piddling Theobalds, they have always been responsible for everything wrong in art. Jeffrey, Sydney Smith said, had been known to criticize even the equator!

A novelty in this proposed investigation is supplied by the Congressman from Texas who suggests that the critics be given a spelling test from the "old blue spelling book." As lawyers must know law, and doctors medicine, so critics must learn to spell before they practice! But spelling is almost the only accomplishment that has always been credited to them. There is one of the New York faculty who is, as it happens, one of the worst spellers in the world, but unfortunately for the rest of the argument he is also one of the most erudite of critics, holds a doctor's degree from a good university, and is an authority on the history of criticism as well as on the history of drama. The old blue spelling book will floor him, and what good will that do!

This Congressional Committee on patents is just three years too late. They are still thinking, like several more important Congressional Committees, in terms of 1929. Then, in those gross days, all criticism was deemed dangerous. Boost was the word. If stocks went down it was because someone was rash enough to say that they were too high. If apartments did not rent at a double price it was because some fool was criticizing the new standard of living in New York. If the farmers stopped buying it was because the wicked democrats were criticizing the tariff. If the preachers and the intellectuals criticized two-car, three-tub life, it was because they were too lazy to hustle like the rest of us. And even publishers were heard to say that if their biographies and fiction did not sell by the hundreds of thousands, it was because the critics lacked the spirit of coöperation shown by the beauties who testified to the virtues of cigarettes, or the copy writers for the automobile and refrigerator advertisements.

Of course critics are sometimes malicious, but much more often "smart," in the good old American sense of the word. They suffer (and particularly the dramatic critics, who have to take solo parts) from forms of exhibitionism. They do rejoice with an unholy rejoicing over a thoroughly bad play (as Dr. Sirovich's seems to have been) because it gives them an unexampled chance to be witty. They do, some of them, hold up their own shining phrases in comparison with what they quote from the obviously duller author. But how helpless people of any taste and discrimination would be without them is shown by the present state of the radio. The incredible tripe mixed with really offensive advertising which blares nine hours out of ten from any radio left on, indicates just what happens to every public performance that for one reason or

(*Continued on page* 584)

Girl and Wind

By LAURA BENÉT

WIND only, of her few and deepening loves
Bidden to intimacy,
Divines her thought as do the mourning doves,—
The heavily golden bee.

Wind, elfin fugitive, exacts no vow.
Of the same blood, these twain go wandering.
Wan, orphan souls touched by that murmuring bough
Shading a primal spring.

Wind ever changing, changes not: her feet
Skimming new worlds as casual birds the sky,
Grow heavy: she becomes an alien sweet,
Elusive, shy.

But with the summer evening she will stray
Beyond a garden's dropping scent to find
Spaces forsaken by the rout of day
Summoning her pale wind.

*Instrument or Frankenstein?**

By JOHN DEWEY

IT is a familiar saying that the great intellectual work of the nineteenth century was the discovery of history. The idea of evolution was an extension of its discovery of history, evolution but stretching history to its limit of elasticity. As we notice the shift of emphasis and interest which is now going on we may question, however, whether the familiar saying is more than a half-truth. Would it not be nearer to the truth to say that the nineteenth century discovered *past* history? Since what is characteristic of the present time is speculation about the future, perhaps it will be the task of the twentieth century to discover *future* history. Even more significant than our anxious preoccupation with the question of "Whither Mankind?", is the fact that so early in the century the idea of planning has taken possession of the imagination. There are many points of view from which the Victorian age may be regarded, and as many corresponding definitions of its essence. One of these definitions, at least as true as the others, is that it regarded the present as the culmination, the apogee, of the past. Hence its complacency. Today we think of the present as the preparation for a future; hence our disturbed uncertainty.

The contrast between history which is past and history which is future, together with the reaction upon present mood and attitude of the sense of this contrast, might be carried, without forcing, to the interpretation of many characteristic movements. "Evolution" has ceased to be the unwinding of what is already rolled up on the reel of destiny, an unfolding of the leaves of a scroll, and the rendering visible of passages inscribed at the beginning in a secret indelible ink. The introduction of the idea of mutation marks nothing less than a revolution in our entire scheme of interpretation. What also is the notion of emergent evolution save recognition of the novel, unexpected, unpredictable? Nor do I think it fanciful to say that the domination of social thought in the nineteenth century by the idea of *laissez-faire* was a practical tribute to the sway exercised by history as past, just as the importance of the idea of planning is our tribute to history as future. Instead of thinking of ourselves, of our institutions and laws, as effects, we are beginning to think of ourselves and of them as potential causes.

The preoccupation of so much of contemporary thought with the machine and its technology finds its place in the problem of the relation of past and future history. It also gives striking evidence that the force of nineteenth century thought is still with us; that we are still far removed from any universally shared apprehension of the machine in terms of what we can do with it. The more vocal contemporary part of thought still thinks of the machine as something outside of human purpose, as a force proceeding from the past and bound to sweep on and carry us whither it will. As yet, the most obvious sign of change from the nineteenth century temper is the transformation of pæans into lamentations. Instead of jubilation because the machine is sure to usher us automatically into a promised land, we now have the jeremiad that it is sure to land us in waste lands.

But even with respect to the machine, to technology, and the industrial operations which have accompanied the machine, there are signs of a change of attitude. There are an increasing number who remind us that after all the machine was invented and constructed by man, that it is used by man, and that man will be its creature instead of its creator only just as long as he chooses that role for himself. There was no trait of our late prosperity and the "new economic era" more amusing, except that it was alarming, than the assumption so loudly trumpeted by those accepted as leaders that at last we had attained a constantly expanding régime of production equated to consumption which was automatically guaranteed to continue by some inherent process. The tragic collapse of the fact has reacted somewhat—though not as much as one would expect—against the theory. But one may fairly say that at least the problem is now raised. Must man helplessly abdicate before his own production? Can human beings check the tendencies of industrialization which have swept us along for a generation? Can we arrest machine industry at the point of reasonable subordination to other interests, and then turn it to account as a servant of other values? Or are we enslaved by some necessary inescapable cosmic force?

Spengler's little book, "Man and Technics," both belongs and does not belong to the class of books in which is raised this fundamental issue. He has a vivid sense of the importance of "technics"; he has a much clearer grasp on their nature than most writers. He heartily accepts the idea of mutation; everything decisive in world history has happened suddenly, without warning. He is temperamentally against evolution by gradual cumulative changes; they are too tame and domesticated for him; he demands something dramatic in the way of change. He also sees how fully the issue of our present

* Man and Technics. By Oswald Spengler. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1932. $2.

This Week

"HIDDEN SPRINGS OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION."
Reviewed by MANYA GORDON.
"THREE GOOD GIANTS."
Reviewed by E. PRESTON DARGAN.
"EXPRESSION IN AMERICA."
Reviewed by LUDWIG LEWISOHN.
"DECATUR."
Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT.
"ONE WAY TO HEAVEN."
Reviewed by MARTHA GRUENING.
"MARIETTA."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.
"IMAGINED CORNERS."
Reviewed by ROBERT CANTWELL.
"MAGNOLIA STREET."
Reviewed by GEORGE MOREBY ACKLOM.
THE FOLDER.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

WHITMAN AND THE BROOKLYN *TIMES*.
By EMORY HALLOWAY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

culture is bound up with what happens to our machine technology. But his analysis and his prophecy are couched wholly in terms of something called destiny. He sees life and history as an inspired oracle of old might have conceived a Greek tragedy of fate, if the oracle had also been gifted with the potentially vast audience of that modern oracle, the publicity agent. For Spengler fairly press-agents Doom, and in the end his technic becomes a mere puppet playing the part assigned to it in the tragedy of destiny.

The volume was originally conceived as an account of prehistoric times; as a story of origins told after the method and manner of "The Decline of the West." The canvas has been reduced in order to be accommodated to the vision of the reader who is unfitted to grasp the whole scene in the total grandiose pictorial form in which it appears in the "Decline." Reference to early epochs coming before the age of "High Cultures" remains, but it is now set forth as the first act of the drama which fate is playing with mankind.

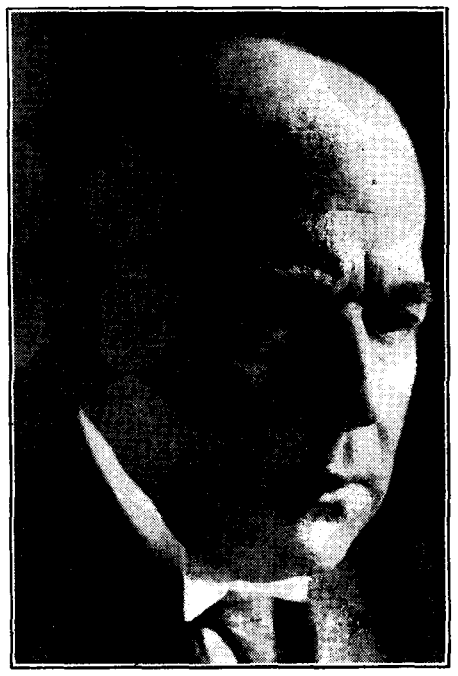
A few ideas, strikingly stated, dominate the volume. Technics is not to be identified with the machine or even with the implement and tool. It covers all the ways in which a fighting animal contends with its environment striving to get the better of it as an adversary. It is exemplified equally when the word is used as a weapon (as by the diplomat) and when stalking is employed by the lion. In every technique, things are subordinated to purposive activity, to an idea. Machines are no part of mere economics because they are simply means in the universal conflict of man with nature. The importance of technics in culture was totally overlooked until the nineteenth century. Culture has been supposed in the entire literary and philosophic tradition to be something elevated far above the machine; this tradition measured culture in terms of books, pictures by idealists and ideologues.

e utilitarian, materialistic, socialist ement of the nineteenth century cor- d this error but only to fall into a shallow one. It thought of the ma- e as the means by which the ease and fort of humanity were surely to be achieved; its ideal was a devastating state of tranquillity which Spengler describes in terms which remind one of William James's account of the tedium of the eternal tea-party with which the millennium has been identified. Man being a beast of prey, his technics, including the machine, is the armory from which are drawn the weapons with which man fights nature. Since every work of man is artificial, the machine is unnatural, an act of rebellion, of intentional martricide. The higher a culture, the greater is the rift between man and nature, and the more must man become the bitter enemy of nature. Since nature is the stronger, every culture is a defeat: the destiny of tragic doom is within it.

The machine is simply the most powerful of the weapons of man in his combat with nature. But it has created a whole series of tensions in the life of man; tensions between the few leaders and the mass which is led; between the processes of work and its results; between the industrialized nations and the rest of the world; between life and organization, since vital things are dying in the grip of mechanical organization. The machine is failing even from the standpoint of economy or production. In consequence, man is in revolt against the machine which has enslaved him. The knell of this machine culture is sounded, and with its doom there is enacted another act in the tragic destiny of mankind. But to this doom we were born. It is as cowardly as it is futile to strive to resist it and to divert the course of history. What we can do is to perish heroically; or, as a correspondent of mine has put it, we can "wade in chin high" to meet the destroying flood.

I am quite aware that a summary like the one which I have just given may appear like a parody, although it is as faithful an epitome as space permits. But this book indicates what many readers of Spengler's earlier book must have suspected, that the real significance of his work does not lie at all where he himself conceives it to lie but somewhere else. In other words, Mr. Spengler's vast generalizations have a fustian quality. They are rhetorical rather than eloquent; they are tags pasted on, rather than convictions growing directly from the material dealt with. Mr. Spengler has real strength. But it lies in swift, penetrating, incidental remarks. There are a dozen insights in this little volume which are rare and precious. But they have almost nothing to do with the march of any argument; they do not support his final conclusions; they can be converted to many another intellectual use than that which their author makes of them.

It is a pity that Spengler's passion for sparks and glitter is so great. He raises a real problem; he says many things which will have to be taken into account in its solution. But it is extremely doubtful whether many readers will carry from the book the intellectual provocation which a less partisan book might have given. He is commmitted in advance to write history as a high tragedy, moving from catastrophe to catastrophe on an ever vaster scale. He is committed to



OSWALD SPENGLER.

looking at all attempts to plan for the future so as to divert forces now operating into more humane channels, with contemptuous indifference. He is a learned German Mencken, but with an obsession that he was born to write high tragedy instead of to be amused at the spectacle of human folly and stupidity. Hence it is that he belongs and does not belong among the thinkers who realize that the most important problem of the present is what we are to do with the new techniques which have come with the advent of the machine. He perceives that the present age is what it is because of the new technology, but his discussion is completely controlled by his concern with destiny and doom. It is, of course, conceivable that the present culture is to collapse; in its present economic form it surely will in time—and probably with only a few to mourn it. But the total destruction because of machine technology of all factors in civilization will occur only if all the rest of us—from levity and routine rather than from a sense of tragedy—agree with Spengler that human desire and thought are impotent. It does not help to say that we are completely in the grip of an overwhelming cosmic force, when in reality we are faced with the problem of what we are to do with a tool we have ourselves created.

John Dewey, professor of philosophy at Columbia University, is one of the leading philosophers and educators of the country. Among his many publications are "German Philosophy and Politics," "Human Nature and Conduct," and "The Public and Its Problems."

"Edgar Wallace," says the London *Observer*, "was a strange and, in his way, a startling portent in literature. In his fertility, resourcefulness, and efficiency, he represented Fleet Street rather than Parnassus, and one sometimes got the impression that he had taken to detective fiction as the least harassing and best-paid form of journalism."

Babushka

HIDDEN SPRINGS OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION: Personal Memoirs of Katerina Breshkovskaia. Edited by LINCOLN HUTCHINSON. Palo Alto: Stanford University Press. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by MANYA GORDON

KATERINA BRESHKOVSKAIA is known and loved the world over, but, barring Russia, she has nowhere as many devoted friends and admirers as in the United States. These remember her as the Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution who came to America in 1906 after having spent thirty years in prison and exile and who here pleaded so eloquently the cause of unhappy Russia. They will be grateful for the privilege of renewing their acquaintance with her work and aspirations in the pages of "Hidden Springs of the Russian Revolution" which embodies her personal recollections.

It is a most valuable human and historic contribution. Born in 1844, seventeen years before the abolition of serfdom, Breshkovskaia as the daughter of a nobleman landowner became conscious at a very early age of the prevalent system of injustice and oppression. Her father was a liberal and not unkind to his serfs, but she spent her girlhood in an atmosphere wherein humiliations, flogging, and other tortures comprised the normal existence of the serfs. The misery of the Russian masses aroused in her a contempt for their oppressors and a burning desire to help them throw off their shackles. However, her initial effort was not revolutionary, but purely educational. All that was necessary, thought Breshkovskaia and her fellow idealists of "The People's Will" who later organized the Socialist Revolutionary Party, was to instruct the masses, and liberation would follow. For a brief period she devoted herself to teaching the peasant to read and write.

The abolition of serfdom in 1861 severed the chains that tied the peasant to the landowner's estate, gave him a certain measure of freedom, and endowed him with a small strip of land. He was no longer a "soul" to be used by his master in the manner of all other domestic animals, though not as well cared for. Nevertheless, he was still a decidedly poor soul. The dvorovye, peasants of the household squad, who during serfdom had no land assigned to them, remained homeless and landless, and the amount of land received by the other peasants was quite inadequate. They continued to be an object of oppression and pity. The Czar had done his bit and refused to go any further.

It was this state of utter despair that drove such hitherto ardent advocates of a pacific educational program as Zheliabov, Perovskaia, who later planned the assassination of Alexander II, Breshkovskaia, and her other fellow reformers, first to underground methods and subsequently to terrorism, and brought about the assassination of Alexander II. His successor, Alexander III, ushered in a period of reaction. He ordered the closing of the rural schools which had been created by Breshkovskaia and other civic-minded Russians. This unfortunate gesture on the part of the monarch completed the Chinese wall which separated the Russian autocracy from the Russian people.

Breshkovskaia's memoirs deal essentially with the storming of this wall by the Russian masses. Its complete destruction required very nearly a century of unceasing labor (counting back to the Decembrist movement of 1825), supreme idealism, self-sacrifice, bloodshed, and that without which all the preceding factors would have been unsuccessful—an almost fantastic optimism, and an invincible faith in the people's right and in the successful consummation of the struggle. Those who have been recently quarreling with democracy, and are harking back to the magic power of autocratic rule as a cure-all, wil profit from a perusal of "Hidden Springs of the Russian Revolution" as a testimonial of democratic faith.

January 28th last was Breshkovskaia's eighty-eighth birthday. All her active life was spent in the service of the Russian people, the greater part in prison or in Siberian exile. She therefore writes as an untiring worker and eyewitness in the conflict. Breshkovskaia has had first-hand experience of the wisdom, the generosity, the sincerity of autocratic rule. She has endured the heavy hand of autocracy, both Czarist and Bolshevik. Her observations are not the reflections of a closet philosopher, or a sensation-seeking journalist, but the offspring of more than a half a century of continuous contact with despotism and the evil it breeds. Her case proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that revolutionists are not born such, but are created by the very power which would destroy them. Beginning with the Decembrists in 1825, the Romanoff dynasty had been busy exterminating the best men and women of Russia in an effort to stem the rising tide of enlightenment and democracy. But the effort was in vain. For every revolutionist who fell a hundred others arose who carried on until their task was completed by the March Revolution of 1917, and the fall of Czardom.

In describing the conditions which precipitated the collapse of the Romanoff dynasty, and later the Bolshevik *coup d'état* and the fall of the Provisional Government under Kerensky, who, incidentally, has written the foreword to the present volume, Breshkovskaia is neither partisan nor bitter. Although she was the first to introduce the name of the Socialist Revolutionary Party at the famous trial of the 193 revolutionists in 1877-1878, she has been too deeply interested in the complete liberation of the Russian people to think in terms of party. There is not the slightest trace of rancor in the narrative. The author's reaction to the personal and historic events which she records are akin to those of a great surgeon who, after much effort and anxiety, has successfully removed a malignant tumor and knows that his patient is still quite ill, but is certain of his ultimate recovery.

As was to be expected, Breshkovskaia's personal recollections are incomplete in so far as a detailed portrayal of her own personal history is concerned. She is too modest to turn the spotlight on the treasures of courage, kindness, energy, faith, and devotion which she embodies. The assembling of these rare characteristics into a complete portrait she has left to her future biographers. In the present volume she describes her political and revolutionary activities only. However, the very manner of her narrative sufficiently reveals the simplicity, candor, and sensitive reaction to the most simple gesture of kindness, no matter whether bestowed by friend or foe. Her lack of interest in herself is balanced by the enthusiasm and affection conveyed in her descriptions of her fellow revolutionists. The fascinating profiles which she has thus created shine radiantly in the misery and drabness of Czarist Russia. It is a privilege to make the acquaintance of these great men and women if only in the page. They renew one's faith in man. A number of Breshkovskaia's revolutionary friends, such as Chaikovsky, Peter Kropotkin, Zheliabov, Perovskaia, Zasulich, Vera Figner, etc. (Vera Figner is still active in Moscow as a member of the Red Cross for political prisoners) are not unknown to the American reading public. They have been described before, but never with the charm and tenderness of the present volume. Breshkovskaia envisages her fighting sisters of the Revolution in heroic guise: "Our Valkyries in their mighty flight above the earth rode on clouds that were bathed in the light of faith in man," she writes. And her faith in man remains unshaken by her recent disappointments. She continues firm in the belief that the beacon of liberty, fraternity, and enlightenment which she helped to kindle will never be extinguished in Russia.

The footnotes of the volume are complete and most helpful and the translation excellent.

New facts pertaining to the administration of President Hayes covered by Dr. George F. professor of history in the eral Arts, University of C going through material in morial Museum and Lib Ohio.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rabelais in New Dress

THREE GOOD GIANTS. Compiled from the French of François Rabelais, by JOHN DIMITRY. Illustrated by GUSTAVE DORÉ and A. ROBIDA. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by E. PRESTON DARGAN

CERTAINLY, there were giants in those days. Chalbroth was the great-grandfather of Hurtali, who rode upon the Ark. And Hurtali, after fifty-four generations, was the ancestor of Grandgousier. And Grandgousier, he of the Great Gullet, begat Gargantua, and Gargantua begat Pantagruel, the All-Thirsty. (These became the Three Good Giants.) And Maistre François Rabelais, having begotten them all, lived some three-score years and was gathered unto *his* fathers. But some say that he first called the three last-born unto his bedside and addressing them as bemired and jolt-headed So-and-So's, adjured them by This and That to go forth into the world of wine and oil and to achieve, with a murrain upon their What-do-you-call-it, the Prowesses that he had predicted for them. For he was a holy man and spake a seemly language.

Be that as it may, is it not related in the Chronicles how all these deeds that he foretold were in truth accomplished? We read of the Prowess of the jolly Grand-Gullet, whose whole life was a continual dinner; we hear of how Gargantua was born, with some difficulty, and how his first word was *Drink!* of the thousands of cows that gave him milk, and of the huge suits that he wore.

Of how he studied Latin forty-eight years without learning it, and must therefore go to Paris. Of the Mare as big as six elephants who carried him thither. Of how he stepped up the towers of Notre-Dame and bore off her bells to jingle around his Mare's neck. Of how he learned 215 card-games and much more besides, through losing no single hour of the day.

And we read of the still stranger exploits of his son, Pantagruel, the All-Thirsty. As a babe, he slew a bear and broke his cradle to bits. As a student of the Arts, he lifted a great stone and the enormous buried bell of the City of Orleans. He out-argued the doctors of the Sorbonne, while sustaining 9,000 propositions. And he became bound in fast friendship with the handsome tattered Panurge.

All of this Pantagruel and Panurge did and saw, but in an uncleanly manner, while they spoke filthy oaths. So little of the chronicle was to the taste of the English, who like their fishes well-cleaned; save that once a lusty knight, called Sir Thomas Urquhart, did serve up the dish for the relish of strong palates.

Thus it came to pass that but the other day Messer John Dimitry, A.M., did serve up again (and not too cold) what is related above (and little else), but with certain preparations. First he took a feather duster and did dust off patiently the 15,000 ells that composed the garments of Gargantua. Then he took a large rubber hose and washed away to nowhere the foul words that streamed from the lips of Gargantua and Pantagruel. Then he did so entreat them that the Three Good Giants entered into the purifying waters of Helicon, where they did so lave their limbs that they came out Better Giants than ever before. Thus (as he tells us) Master John Dimitry did free these heroes from the bondage of the ideas of their time (for what are mere ideas, to constrain a giant?) and from the dishonorable captivity of foul speech and low gestures that have so long held them in dire duress. And now he who runs may read. And the Three Clean Giants shall bound along merrily with their schoolboy companions, while the sardonic Maistre François Rabelais rests quietly and unwittingly in his tomb near an aged tree that still flourished several centuries ago. But whether the tree be there now, I know not and cannot tell.

E. Preston Dargan is professor of French literature at the University of Chicago, and the author of a "History of French Literature."

The Letters and the Spirit

EXPRESSION IN AMERICA. By LUDWIG LEWISOHN. New York: Harper & Bros. 1932.

Reviewed by JOHN MACY

IN outward form Ludwig Lewisohn's book follows the course of American literature from its colonial beginnings to the present hour. The inward form which gives it essential unity is a passion for liberty of the spirit; this passion makes some of the writing incandescent and infuses fervor and vitality even into philosophic and psychological analysis which without the continuously burning fire would be static.

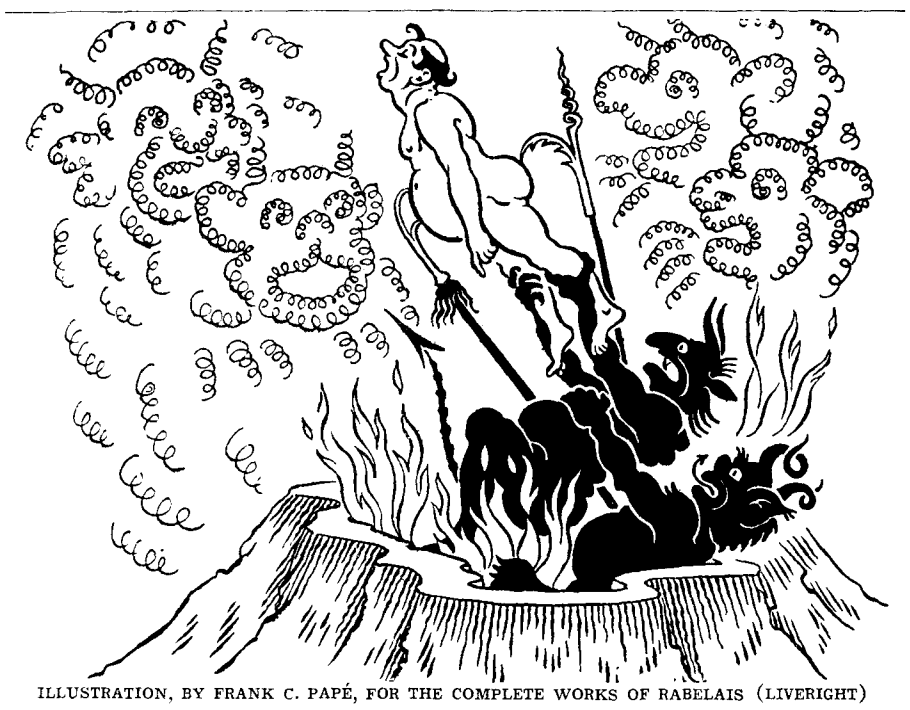
The monstrous enemy of the freedom of the American soul is Puritanism. Since in the chronological order of things Puritanism comes first, Lewisohn plunges at once into an attack on our Calvinistic forefathers; and throughout the book whenever anything that could possibly be called Puritan or neo-Puritan shows its head Lewisohn strikes at it. He would tighten his argument and clarify his generally beautiful exposition if he did not see Puritanism written over every kind of stupidity and intellectual and economic tyranny. All positive abominations and negative weaknesses Lewisohn groups indiscriminately, as if, Caligula-like, he would destroy them with one blow. He gathers together all our enemies, with Puritanism at the center: one-hundred-percent patriotism, the Eighteenth Amendment, reticences and hypocrisies concerning sex, the commercialization of fiction, the genteel tradition, Federalism, aristocracy, the horrors of the machine age, labor spies, flabby religiosity, Dreiser's hostile critics, lynching, chauvinism, the Ku Klux Klan, "know-nothing" hostility to foreigners, all things inimical to freedom of life and the expression of life. These vile things which we should all like to rid the world of forever cannot be thus conveniently assembled for our attack. They must be seen with discrimination and aimed at with sharp, discerning shots. To associate the old Puritans with prohibition is, to use Lewisohn's frequent word for whatever he does not agree with, nonsense. The New England Puritans, the respectable members of society, were drinkers. See Samuel Sewall's "Diary" *passim*.

Lewisohn regards all manifestations of Puritanism as pathological. Since he deals rather aggressively in medico-psychological terms in his treatment of all kinds of human failings, it is fair to ask whether he has not some sort of "psychosis" which may be called Puritaniphobia. As a critic he lurches off his course when a whiff of Puritanism touches his nostrils. He can say:

> The great writer . . . may begin, like Milton, by justifying a perishable and dusty theological system, he ends, as Milton did, by expressing the universal virile instinct in love, the universal Promethean protest with both its fire and pride and its deeply troubled conscience.

Milton began as a late Elizabethan lyrist. The years of prose that interrupted and postponed the greater poet were devoted to civil and religious liberty in opposition to monarchy and ecclesiastical establishment. The very name of Milton should remind us that the Puritans were, for their time, *fighting on our side*. In England they were subject to the challenge and correction of other high types of thought. In America they had it all their own way for a time; as is the habit of rebels in power, they became tyrants themselves and were partially defeated not by a restoration but by a slow undermining.

Lewisohn rushes head-on against the Puritans as if they were living enemies. He even argues gratuitously with Thoreau in the first and second person. He quotes Thoreau: "We are conscious of an animal in us, which awakens as our higher nature slumbers." Lewisohn replies, just as if Thoreau were standing right over there:



ILLUSTRATION, BY FRANK C. PAPÉ, FOR THE COMPLETE WORKS OF RABELAIS (LIVERIGHT)

> Ah, no, good Puritan, *we* are not; you are. . . . Who told you that the senses are ignoble? They are ignoble only when, as in yourself, they are abstracted and divided from the faculties of the mind and the soul. But in us they are not and never have been. . . . Our purity is not one of abstention but of fitting and beautiful use.

Lewisohn says that "Walden" is not a great and complete book because "unfortunately" it "contains a chapter called the Higher Laws which, in the accustomed Puritan way, blunts all the arrows, retracts all the brave and lofty sayings of the earlier and later chapters, and makes it necessary for Thoreau to be saved, as by fire, for our uses and the uses of posterity." Well, speaking as one Yankee about another, I guess Thoreau is not in need of a radical redeemer, but can be left just about as he is. And I think that Emerson does not require precisely the process of anthologizing, on just the narrow plan of selection and exclusion which Lewisohn proposes.

We who pretend to be historian-critics will meet the problem of the Puritan whenever we make any general survey of American thought. The best way to approach the problem is not to begin wrong, not to belabor the Puritans nor to endow them with too many virtues in the manner of the ancestor-worshipping professors of literature. Most of what the Puritans wrote is, from a literary point of view, a dreary bore, of interest chiefly to specialists in history. We need not argue for or against the Puritans. It is the business of the philosophic critic to understand them. It is necessary to comprehend the Salem witch trials not as an isolated insanity but as an episode in the history, many centuries long, of witchcraft in Western Europe. Lewisohn has much that is fine and wise to say of philosophic and analytic method, of the need of a fundamental metaphysic, of the ultimate serenity of all true art and criticism. He often exemplifies and demonstrates the high qualities that he proclaims, and his enthusiasms for lovely and noble ideas make his style glow and keep him from being a mere cold, judicial critic. His passion for lofty and liberating thoughts is magnificent; some of his particular hostilities are irritable and febrile.

Lewisohn has not enough humor in his system. He writes well of Mark Twain, of Mencken, of Ring Lardner, and is not quite deaf to the laughter of Holmes (though what he means by saying that Holmes's polish is "on tin" passes my understanding); but it is serious satire that he properly values, not fun. He puts Mencken with Juvenal and Dryden, a most inept association. Mencken is a boisterous clown, irrespressibly funny, and at his best is close to Mark Twain in his lower burlesque moments. Lewisohn overlooks Bret Harte's fun; he is unaware of the humor of Cabell, of Aldrich, whose "Marjorie Daw and Other People" he dismisses as "vapid stuff." He is unconscious of the humor, the quality that Mark Twain so well understood, which plays in and out and round about the work of Howells and is part of his gentle humanity.

One reason that Lewisohn fails to take pleasure in the quiet fun of Howells is that he is so intent on showing that Howells (and the society that he portrays) evaded and repressed the great motives of sex. Next to anti-Puritanism, sex is Lewisohn's leading theme. He is contending for liberty in all matters relating to sex, and especially for the open, honest expression of all aspects of the subject in literature. We are with him in his contempt for fundamentally obscene proprieties, for cowardice cloaked as virtue, for the hypocritical or unconsciously morbid concealment and eviration of the vital forces. But in our time the walls of restraint are down; we can say anything we like in a book; and the lingering resistance, represented by Mr. John S. Sumner and his kind, has not enough force or vigilance to take care of the hundreds of books that might offend the pruriently pure. So that some of Lewisohn's animated bravery is thrown into a belated battle. It is much belated when he beats dogs long dead, as he does promptly in his first encounter with the Puritans. He has no time for John Eliot and he mentions Sewall's Diary only once, in evidence against Cotton Mather; Sewall is too human to fit Lewisohn's case against the Calvinists. But he has time for the querulous complaint of a self-evidently desirous old minister, Nathaniel Ward, against prettily dressed women, and makes him the forerunner of later pruderies.

In his treatment of sex, Lewisohn is equipped with the newest styles of psychology, psychopathology, psychiatry. The technique of psychoanalysis can be, in skilful hands, an instrument of precision to measure the mind. It can be a subtle ray, like the rays known to physicists but invisible to ordinary sight, to search the darkness of the soul. In the hands of an amateur it can be a confounding of confusions, an explanation needing explanation, like the work on theology which the Yankee deacon was reading and of which he observed that it was a good book and the Bible threw much light on it. If I were not certain of the tough integrity of Lewisohn's mind, the patient diligence of his scholarship, his luminous imagination, I might suspect him of making a display of what he has been reading in German works on psychology. The vocabulary of that kind of literature, which is sometimes no more than the substitution of technical words for common words, is thick in his pages, thick in multitudinousness, and too often thick in particular applications. As I cannot go immediately to the source, which he gives in a footnote, I am at a loss to know what he means by saying that Whitman's poem, "Whoever You Are Holding Me Now by the Hand," contains "a curious 'Liliputian' fantasy." The matter is still more muddled by the statement that this poem "throws some doubt on Whitman's robust aggressiveness even as a homosexual," when Lewisohn has said a few lines before that Whitman was "a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

homosexual of the most pronounced and aggressive type." Whitman's homosexuality has not been these many years "an open secret" or any kind of secret. He yelled it from the housetops. There is something comic, like discovering that Columbus discovered America, in Lewisohn's bold resolution:

> I purpose, then, in regard to Walt Whitman to sweep away once and for all the miasma that clouds and dims all discussion of his work. It is not true [and I almost resent Lewisohn's saying it] that Whitman "finds his prophets and proclaimers from decade to decade among the febrile and the effeminate."

Lewisohn omits to note that on the evidence of the poems, such as "A Woman Waits for Me," Whitman was both homosexual and heterosexual (the two things are often found actively together in the same person).

The light from Freud and his followers is immensely important and will, if properly directed, illuminate all future biography and criticism. It seems to me that Lewisohn's lights are confused, as when something goes wrong with the traffic signals. If it is "but sober truth that we owe Hawthorne's one thoroughly achieved book and unique masterpiece 'The Scarlet Letter' to his happy and harmonious union with Sophia Peabody," then how do we account for the inferiority of "The House of the Seven Gables," written one year later in the same state of domestic felicity? If Henry James threw out his elaborate style as a kind of smoke screen to hide his male deficiencies, why did he not do it in many of his clearly and simply written books composed in young manhood when he must have been as acutely aware or subconsciously defensive of his physical impotence? Melville, according to Lewisohn, had a mother fixation, and his life is a phobia and a psychosis. But it is not a less subtle seasickness of a landlubber that makes Lewisohn miss the glory of "Moby Dick" and renders him almost blind to Cooper's sea tales, which Balzac and Conrad, both great artists, and one expertly qualified to judge, greatly admired? Must we have in the middle of the section on Howells a quotation from Freud's "Totem and Taboo," which is now an old story and which, though it has some relevancy here, is rather laboriously intrusive? Dreiser has a mother fixation. Sherwood Anderson is "sex-obsessed," and the pattern of his psyche is similar in a different way to that of Cotton Mather and the Anti-Saloon Leaguer! Lewisohn apologizes for invading the privacy of a gifted contemporary and postpones further consideration of the sad case of Anderson by saying: "A seriously undertaken psychograph of Sherwood Anderson will some day add important elements to our knowledge of both art and life under neo-Puritanism." If such a study is to teach us anything, it must be undertaken by a critic who has a sound temperate view of the Puritans old and new, who is not vexed by a nervous, messianic, moralistic preoccupation with their sins.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN.

I have used a disproportionate amount of space in negations and oppositions. The reader will please regard this as an unfinished article requiring two thousand words more of solid praise to redress the spatial balance. For this book is the work of a distinguished mind and a passionately honest heart enamored of beautiful things. It contains hundreds and hundreds of perfect phrases which I have delightedly underscored in my copy. Many sustained passages are wise and eloquent, so rich that they seem final and leave nothing more, certainly nothing better, for anybody to say. Criticism which is in any sense fully expressed, almost ultimate, is rare. Lewisohn's thought and phrasing are so mature that perhaps the young may be unable to follow him. Yet I wish that students approaching a systematic study of American literature might be guided to it not by the deadly handbooks but by this enlightening and refreshing survey of our life and letters. Most books that attempt to cover the whole of American literature lay stress on the past and finish off our contemporaries in a perfunctory way. Lewisohn, without overestimating us and our age, sees the past as a preparation for what we are and can become, and half the book deals with today or a very recent yesterday. American literature in all forms is now in the richest period that has so far been. And the future, as Lewisohn believes, is limitless.

John Macy, who was at one time Literary Editor of the Nation, *is the author among other works of "The Spirit of American Literature" and "The Romance of America as Told in Our Literature."*

A Czarist's Russia

ONCE A GRAND DUKE. By the Grand Duke ALEXANDER of Russia. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $3.50.

THIS autobiography of the Czar's cousin, who in his latter years has devoted himself to the gospel of love, begins with chapters of real charm describing the childhood of two little grand dukes in a palace in the remote Caucasus. These chapters and those which follow describing the court and family life of the Romanoffs have some of the curious interest and intimate quality of the Grand Duchess Marie's "Education of a Princess," but are less detached and less detailed than her remarkable story. There is plenty of excitement and interest in his account of the intrigues and stupidities which preceded and accompanied the great war, the incredible misadventures on the Russian front, and the machinations at the Russian court throughout the war, where he was in charge of the Russian air service, and is said to have carried through an excellent feat of organization. But the Grand Duke, by his own statement, writes from memory, his papers having been lost in the Revolution, and this portion of the book, which is its chief claim upon the reader interested beyond family life, gossip, and scandals, is not only highly prejudiced but historically misleading, a remark which must also be made of his account of the Revolution. Whether his bitter condemnation of Kolchak and his accusations against the conduct of the Allies in the White-Red struggle succeeding the war can be believed, it is not so easy to say. Certainly his statements do not lack positiveness, or violence.

The book then, as a whole, must be ranked as interesting, but not as an authoritative account of Russia in the war and the Revolution. Even an ill-informed reader will be suspicious of the author's historicity, when he finds in crisis after crisis he is sure that he was right and all the others who acted, czars, grand dukes, generals, admirals, premiers, wrong. In short here is a philosophic mind that late in life has adopted a new philosophy of living, which in retailing the events of youth is sometimes charming, often interesting, but prejudiced and misleading in the remembered picture. Prejudiced books have their values, and regarded as the expression of a personality this autobiography will have some value but it cannot be recommended as history.

A Romantic Figure

DECATUR. By IRVIN ANTHONY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

STEPHEN DECATUR, one of the most mysterious, ardent, and capable of the sea captains whose preternatural activity in the War of 1812 laid the foundation of the American naval tradition, is precisely the subject for a romantic biography of this type. Unfortunately, Mr. Anthony was not quite the man to write it—or perhaps he wrote it with a juvenile audience in view. For Decatur is, above all, a boys' hero, and it is difficult to describe the unquestioning patriotism ("My country—right or wrong") and somewhat stilted chivalry of 1812 in any other terms than those of juvenile enthusiasm.

For whatever reason, the artless delight in blood and thunder is present. It casts a curious air of the sickly-sweet over all sentiments. It obscures passages that a more sophisticated biographer would have been at pains to clear up—for instance, what was the secret behind Decatur's love affair and marriage? For on Mr. Anthony's own showing a more unmarrying man never trod a quarter deck. It leads Mr. Anthony into flat self-contradiction for the sake of an emotion—when Decatur is engaged in building the *United States* she is one of the fastest frigates that ever sailed, and when he is her captain she is "Old Wagoner" and one of the slowest. (The latter is correct, by the way.) It permits him to make minor errors of fact for the sake of a phrase; sails were not trimmed flat in 1795, as he states; if the *Enterprise* was schooner-rigged, then Theodore Roosevelt was jesting when he described her as a brig; and if it was Daniel Frazier who received the sabre-cut destined for Decatur's head at Tripoli, the U. S. Navy Department has been naming warships in honor of Reuben James for the last hundred years under a misapprehension.

Personalities move cloudily in this Cid-like atmosphere; even such marked characters as Barron and John Randolph of Roanoke fail to come out clearly, and the subject of the biography is a mystery to the end. But most of all his method does not allow Mr. Anthony to deal with the capital question of Decatur's career, and the one any biographer of him should answer—why he surrendered the *President*. Her keel had been damaged in getting over the bar at New York, she had suffered some injuries to her rigging, and four British ships were coming up. But the losses among his crew were small, he had beaten his most serious antagonist out of line, and in a similar case the *Constitution* had escaped without the loss of a man. Why, why, why did Stephen Decatur, with his reputation for last-ditch fighting, haul down the flag of a ship so slightly damaged that she began a cruise under the British flag immediately after being captured? True, the court martial acquitted Decatur, but they were trying him on a long and successful record and not on the specific case.

If the book be treated not so much as a biography of the central figure as a history of the period through which he strode in cocked hat and cutlass, a good many of the defects disappear and some quite unusual excellences emerge. The exigencies of the code duello, which pursued the commodore all his life and finally ended it in so futile and tragic a fashion, run through the narrative like a sombre thread in the tapestry of high ardors and austere patriotisms. The solemn stuffiness of the early congresses, the Oriental courts of the Barbary powers, the life of a captain on the Mediterranean station, are well described. In fact, wherever it is a question of atmosphere and not of events, Mr. Anthony is at home.

Too much at home. Just when events claim the center of the stage he gives us more atmosphere. The supreme moment of Decatur's life, his battle with the *Macedonian*, is a pastiche of atmosphere, and of atmosphere raided from the account of a British seaman who was present without credit, even in the bibliography. There is no hint that Decatur handled his ship with remarkable intelligence and skill. The reader is left with the impression that he was a good administrator and skilful trainer of men—and a brainless, bull-headed, hammer-and-tongs fighter who depended upon his advance preparation to carry him through. Which is, if one can trust any other account at all, hardly a true picture of an officer whose most prominent characteristic was an icy sharpness of intellect in the stress of action.

"Cut Throat Bandits"

(*Continued from page* 581)

another escapes criticism. How many civilized people have bought radios in the last year to find that an hour or two on Saturday afternoon and the Philharmonic concert on Sunday is literally all they are worth! Not all—for an excellent item slips in now and then by seeming accident, but there are no critics to tell us that we have heard, or missed, a Eugene O'Neill, or an "Of Thee I Sing" or a "Green Pastures."

We hope that the investigation will be thorough, for some Congressmen are sure to be educated by it, and some useful criticism of critics may develop, though it will have to be barbed like an assegai to pierce the New York dramatic critic's skin. But that the theatre and the literary trade will profit by letting the great common people be their own critics, is just another delusion of democracy afflicted with elephantiasis. The supply of bad plays, bad books, bad films, is like the Catskill reservoirs. The critics are the faucets. The public is in the tubs. Do you want to drown them!

"It is not to be supposed," says a writer in the *Manchester Guardian*, "that any great proportion of T. S. Eliot's readers is equipped to work this complicated apparatus of allusion. Indeed, it might fairly be asked how, in an age not remarkable for learning, any influence could be claimed for a poet so portentously learned? The answer lies partly in the fact that among his derivative themes there is one — that of the English Renaissance — to which the present generation is fully prepared to respond."

A Balanced Ration for Week-End Reading

"THE SQUARE ROOT OF VALENTINE." By BERRY FLEMING. *Norton.*

A spirited and fanciful tale recounting the adventures of Valentine when he fared forth to see what New York was like at three-thirty in the morning.

EXPRESSION IN AMERICA. By LUDWIG LEWISOHN. *Harpers.*

A study of the evolution of the American spirit of liberty as expressed in its literature.

BACK YONDER. By WAYMAN HOGUE. *Minton, Balch.*

A chronicle of the Ozarks, depicting "survivals of an earlier conception of life."

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN...*Managing Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT
Contributing Editor
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
Contributing Editor
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*

Published weekly by the Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry Seidel Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates per year, postpaid, in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 8. No. 34.
The Saturday Review is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

Copyright, 1932, by the Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two Ways to Harlem

ONE WAY TO HEAVEN. By COUNTEE CULLEN. New York: Harper & Bros. 1932. $2.50.

INFANTS OF THE SPRING. By WALLACE THURMAN. New York: The Macaulay Co. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by MARTHA GRUENING

COUNTEE CULLEN'S first novel pictures two widely different phases of Negro life. The first tells, competently if not profoundly, the story of the simple servant girl, Mattie, whose conversion to religion is precipitated by the trick of a cheerful rascal, Sam Lucas. Sam's racket is playing the revivals by shamming conversion and the renunciation of an evil life for what he can get out of it. Almost simultaneously with her conversion Mattie falls in love with the man to whom she feels she owes her salvation. She never dreams of doubting his good faith. Sam, who also loves her, lacks the courage to disillusion her and is considerably embarrassed after their marriage by finding that she still expects him to behave as though he were saved. While the story is original and amusingly told in a style that is pleasing, direct, and economical, its emotional implications seem somehow to have eluded the writer. It is frequently almost but never wholly touching, retaining throughout a quality of sketchiness and understatement as if he himself never quite realized Sam and Mattie as beings of flesh and blood. But if his treatment of these two is somewhat external it is, at least, firm and consistent. When their lives dovetail with that of Mattie's employer, Constantia Brandon, and her circle of Harlem sophisticates he becomes curiously wavering and unsure, so that the reader remains uncertain if his detailed and gleeful chronicling of their puerilities is prompted by admiration or derision. They hardly seem interesting enough for the space he gives them and the structure of the book suffers by their inclusion.

Very different is Wallace Thurman's handling of a somewhat similar group. There is no mistaking the grimness of his attitude toward artistic and literary Harlem, the Negro Renaissance, and those on both sides of the color line who have made it possible. Once again Mr. Thurman has written an ironic, mordant, and deeply honest book. I know of no other story of Negro life, unless it is Claude Mackay's "Banjo," which reflects with such authenticity the clash of views among Colored People themselves as to the function and achievements of Negro artists in a white world. If one excepts George Schuyler, Thurman is the only Negro writer who has made any attempt to debunk the Negro Renaissance. There is need of such debunking. The Negro Renaissance has produced some first-rate work. It has also produced a great deal which is mediocre and pretentious and which has been almost ludicrously overpraised and ballyhooed. The description of the novel which the hero, Ray, is reviewing is in fact so apt that it might have been inspired by any one of half a dozen recently published novels of Negro life:

> The book was by a Negro and about Negroes. Its author was a woman who, had she been white and unknown, would never have been able to get her book published. It was a silly tale, sophomoric and uninspired. . . . He was tired of Negro writers who had nothing to say and who wrote only because they were literate and felt that they should apprise white humanity of the better classes among Negro humanity.

The narrative framework of the story is slight, a series of episodes in the life of a group of artists and dilettantes who, for a while, occupy the same house in Harlem and who all, in one way or another, find frustration. Their experiences are revealed to a large extent in the give and take of conversation and it is in these conversations that the virtue of the book largely resides. The disillusion it reflects is not due wholly to problems of color, nor does the author see it as confined to colored artists. The color line is merely an added element of exasperation in a world in which artists inevitably suffer and in which all but the strongest of them are doomed. "I may get moody once in a while and curse my fate" says Ray, "but so does any other human being with an ounce of intelligence. The odds are against me . . . well . . . so are they against every other man who dares to think for himself."

"Infants of the Spring" is not a great book but it is an important one. Like Mr. Thurman's earlier "The Blacker the Berry," and unlike much of the output of contemporary Harlem, it is written with no weather eye on a possible white audience. There have been a few other books equally honest in their description of certain phases of Negro life—Langston Hughes's "Not Without Laughter" and Claude Mackay's "Home to Harlem" come to mind in this connection—but no other Negro writer has so unflinchingly told the truth about color snobbery within the color line, the ins and outs of "passing" and other vagaries of prejudice. I was reminded in reading it of the character in "Haunch, Paunch and Jowl" who said "I will take the sick ego of my people to the clinic." It is something like this that Thurman has attempted and he has no feeling apparently that the patient's clinical record is confidential. Instead he tells the world what all intelligent Negroes know but generally admit only among themselves. It is a bitter and extreme statement and, like all such statements, inevitably only a partial one, but its quota of truth is just that which Negro writers, under the stress of propaganda and counter-propaganda, have generally and quite understandably omitted from their picture. By its inclusion Thurman has taken an important step away from mere racial self-consciousness toward self-realization. Among the lesser merits of the book is one bit of genuine comic relief—an exceedingly witty, funny, and realistic description of the "first and last salon" organized in Harlem by an over optimistic professor of literature.

MURAL IN FISK UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

"Perhaps the most important piece of literary-scientific research now proceeding in the Soviet Union," says a dispatch to the London *Observer*, "is the monumental edition of all the writings of Tolstoy, now being prepared under the editorship of Tolstoy's friend and disciple, Vladimir Chertkov. With Mr. Chertkov is associated a commission of professors and men of letters whose specialized research on Tolstoy's manuscripts gives the present edition unique fulness and authority. In its final form this complete edition of Tolstoy's works will contain ninety volumes, of which forty-two have already been prepared for the press. As a result of the paper shortage and other technical obstacles only eight of these volumes have actually been printed. It is expected that all the editorial work connected with the edition will be completed by 1934; but several years may elapse before the printing of the ninety volumes is finished."

Toward the Macabre

MARIETTA. By ANNE GREEN. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

WHEN "The Selbys" came out, one of the remarks that every one made was that it was astonishing that its lace-paper, tinsel, and spun-sugar world should have been created by the sister of the man who wrote "The Closed Garden." But as she goes on writing, it seems that Miss Anne Green's mind is more like the tragic and macabre mind of Mr. Julian Green than it appeared at first. At the end of "Reader, I Married Him," it will be remembered, there was an eerie bit of West Indian magic that seemed to show that one must be careful how one tries to wrest one's will from the powers of destiny unless one is sure one will like it, and that one dare not be too frivolous in love. It seemed to be an uncharacteristic conclusion for Miss Green, but one could not help wondering at the time whether it did not indicate the direction her work would take. Now she has taken the old characters of the *commedia dell' arte* she has made her own, with their consistent peculiarities for grotesque make-up and their irresponsible gaiety for spangled clothes, and has set them to playing disagreeable roles and acting a tragedy. The effect is striking, provocative, and a little morbid.

Marietta is the daughter of a family of Southerners who live in Paris and never have enough money, Miss Green's familiar starting point. Her family have a tendency (delightfully observed) to catalogue things once for all; in childhood, Marietta was the beauty and her sister the invalid, and they have been kept in those positions ever since; no one notices that Lucile has grown out of her sickliness and into a fair measure of looks. No one does until the spoilt Marietta, scheming to get Lucile's suitor away simply because he is Lucille's, suggests to their mother that Lucile may be consumptive and ought not to think of marrying. The girls are both examined by a doctor, and as the first example of a literally supernatural poetic justice that runs through the book, it appears that Marietta herself has a spot on one lung, and while she is in Switzerland recovering her health, her sister is married. When she is cured, Marietta at first sets out deliberately to become a feminine Don Juan and enjoy an indefinite series of affairs that shall go no deeper than the flesh. She very soon finds that this is not satisfactory, and succeeds in having an affair with her brother-in-law, which results in a catastrophe. In this book, too, there is at the end a haunting introduction of the supernatural.

It will be seen that "Marietta" is an unusually disjointed book, and much of the best of it appears only in the smaller fragments. There is some delicious and extremely penetrating satiric insight, but it is never given free play. Marietta's mother, for instance, who rules her father by overeating herself into an attack of dyspepsia when she is opposed, begins as a really devastating picture of the end of over-reliance upon Southern charm and over-indulgence in Southern cooking, but she is allowed to sink into a caricature of herself, a Jonsonian "humour." The most original mockery in the book is in the account of Marietta's difficulty in leading a life of dissipation, when the romantic male sex keep developing grand passions; the girl of good family who wishes to be a counterpart of Roderick Random is an entirely new figure, and Miss Green points out tacitly that she is likely to find that her emancipation still leaves her dependent on the romantic notions of men. But this passage, good as it is in itself, is short and seems extraneous, and so it is with most of the best of the book.

The main story is also uneven and rather baffling in retrospect. This most lamentable comedy is, if taken seriously, as shocking as the ludicrous murders of Punchinello would be if one believed in them; but it is not quite unreal enough to dismiss like a puppet-show. One cannot make up one's mind what the effect was which the author was aiming at. Most likely she tried for the atmosphere of "Don Giovanni," farce, treachery, and a ghostly nemesis all getting along together; but "Don Giovanni" is unique, and if that is the effect wanted it is not secured. The book is readable, but it is less interesting in itself than as confirming the promise of the end of "Reader, I Married Him" that Miss Green adds to her charm and humor other qualities which are only coming to maturity.

There is one more thing that should be added about her work. The fear of pedantry makes cowards of reviewers, but it is time some one said that if Miss Green will not learn the elementary rules of English grammar, spelling, and punctuation, Messrs. Dutton might give her a proofreader who knows them. A book made up of a succession of such sentences as "A faint smell of old fruit scented the air probably the last of the oranges lay on the shelves of the brand-new pine shelves high above the bed," and "When she had passed the cinema the ribbon of electric-lighted fronts was broken by a black hole paved with greasy cobblestones, a Dickensonian (*sic*) effect heightened by the blinking flicker of an old-fashioned gas-jet" leaves the reader annoyed and breathless.

Order and Disorder

IMAGINED CORNERS. By WILLA MUIR. New York: The Century Company. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT CANTWELL

WITH the publication last fall of Edwin Muir's "The Three Brothers" and the appearance now of Willa Muir's "Imagined Corners" the modern movement in Scotland becomes impressive to anyone interested in literature, and to anyone interested in seeing how the contemporary confusion of values is being resolved in fiction. Both "The Three Brothers" and "Imagined Corners" are beautifully finished first novels. Edwin Muir wrote of the effect on human personality of the impressions received in childhood, and Mrs. Muir, with less emphasis on the purely pictorial aspects of the scene, has written a fresh interpretation of the relationship of the individual to society.

The relationship is brought to focus in a few muddled family affairs in the little village of Calderwick. The story revolves around William Murray, the minister, whose younger brother is stricken with "a disease of the ego," as the doctor phrases it, and is placed in an asylum; Elizabeth Shand, who brings to Calderwick a degree of enlightenment, but is still susceptible to the community's narrow standard of conduct; a host of minor characters, principally members of the Shand family; and finally Frau Doktor Mutze, Elizabeth's sister-in-law, returning, after twenty runaway years abroad, to bring as much order as she can out of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chaos brings him only disaster, and no peace, and Elizabeth's faith in herself is shaken when her husband leaves her. The developments are simple and dramatic, and the writing in detail is pointed and frequently delightful, rich in incidental observations and aphorisms. Mrs. Muir has managed to make her characters embody the various modern attitudes toward the problems of existence—the religious, the romantic, the scientific—and still keep them understandable and consequently appealing as human beings. "We are burdened with error and prejudice," Elise Shand says at last, "like a rich field covered with stones. . . . I do not know whether there is a God or not, but I do know that there is humanity, there is a rich field, and there are tons of stones to be cleared away." "Imagined Corners" pictures the clearing away of a good many of them, and the result is a thoroughly satisfactory novel from almost any point of view.

An Ironic Tale

WOMEN LIVE TOO LONG. By VIÑA DELMAR. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1932. $2.

FROM the title of Mrs. Delmar's new book, and from the grim little dedication "To my sister Helen, who died the day she was born," one is prepared to find in it a bitterness which was not in her earlier work. It is true that the idea of "Kept Woman," in which the mistress ended by supporting her fatuous, middle-aged protector, gave a hint of Mrs. Delmar's gift of mordant irony; but there her gift was wasted because of the inconsistency of the heroine's character and the triviality of all the people. Now the biting acid in Mrs. Delmar's mind is given to us almost undiluted, and the book is the better for it.

It is made up of three stories, which deal with a woman, her daughter, and her daughter's daughter. The two older women die at thirty, and the granddaughter is but thirty-one when we leave her, but each of them would have been happier if she had died younger still. One of them outlives her greatest happiness; one, by a fine turn of the screw, outlives her greatest unhappiness, when she daily prayed to die, and dies when life has become desirable; and the third lives to see her love dead and her fame dying, but has not the luck to die herself at thirty. There is a splendid savageness in the conception of the book, although it is unfortunately not quite so well carried out. Each story is longer than the last, and each less original and less concentrated than the last. The figure of the grandmother, who lies all day reproaching God by repeating endlessly the promises of the Bible, pointing only by her tone the fact that they have not been fulfilled to her, is the finest thing the author has given us.

When we reach the granddaughter, Iris Arden, whose story takes up nearly three quarters of the book, the author assumes her more familiar manner. There is her characteristic virtue, an extraordinary accuracy of reporting that gives the greatest illusion of actuality; and there is also the defect of this quality, a willingness to waste time upon irrelevances. The essential reason for Iris Arden's tragedy is a love affair of her husband's. It is not merely the conventional triangle; Pat, her husband, continues to love her far more than the other woman; the whole difficulty is unusually conceived, and analyzed with considerable subtlety; when we get to it, it is admirable. But the greater part of Iris's story is devoted to showing how she completely ruins Pat's career and reduces him to the husband of the famous Iris Arden, not from jealousy, but merely out of a cowardice which will not face the world without him for a day, and a selfishness so utterly blind that, like a baby's, it hardly deserves moral condemnation. Now all this, however accurately narrated in itself, has nothing to do with the calamity waiting for Iris (for if we are meant to think that that is what sent him to his mistress, this is by no means made clear); and by destroying most of our sympathy for Iris, it robs the climax of much of its effect.

It is this habit of making her people quite needlessly shallow and unimportant which is Mrs. Delmar's besetting sin, and it is a pity that it is in the principal story of the book that it appears; but in many ways "Women Live Too Long" is an advance over her previous work, and seems to promise better things still.

Two Sides of a Street

MAGNOLIA STREET. By LOUIS GOLDING. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE MOREBY ACKLOM

THIS latest novel entitles Mr. Golding to high rank as an observer and painter of minutiæ.

His background is a short street in a north of England manufacturing town, a mean little street, with nine houses on the northside inhabited by gentiles and nine on the south inhabited by Jews, so that Magnolia Street, as it were, represents the dividing line between the invading tide of Hebrews and the scornful and resentful gentiles who are being pushed along before them.

The two sides of the street are like oil and water, they only mix when stirred by some outside agency; although, when they have had a pint of beer too much at the "Lamb and Lion," one or other of the hostile northsiders is likely to heave a brick through a Jewish window or yell "Oo killed Christ?" in derision before a Jewish doorway.

Sometimes, however, things occur to bring about a temporary mingling and interaction, as, for instance, the saving of little Tommy Wright from drowning by Benny Edelman, the Jew, or the war, for the chronicle covers the twenty years between 1910 and 1930, but they are only temporary, after all, because the Jew and the gentile cannot very easily become one in thought or outlook or habit.

It is an admirable piece of word painting, leisurely, clear, and detailed. We get to know each member of each family as a personal acquaintance, their love affairs, their ambitions, and their worldly fortunes. To Mr. Golding there is nothing unimportant, nothing so small as not to have a meaning. He shows us the romance and the tragedy of little things, and that life lived on a lowly plane is just as important to those who live it, just as heartbreaking or just as exciting, as larger events to those in touch with the larger world.

Especially are his knowledge and his comprehension shown in the description of Magnolia Street during the war. Mr. Golding is not concerned about the generals and the soldiers, the nurses, or any other of the folk who have had opportunity (and employed it generously) to tell their story to the public. His object is to show how it affected the poor folk, the small folk, at home, who lived on in their back streets, suffered privation and loss, and whose voices were never heard.

The book is long—it has to be to cover such a gallery of portraits—but it is all interesting, and all permeated with a quiet humor which tends towards irony, especially when the gentiles are the subject of it. If there is a criticism to make concerning "Magnolia Street," it is that the elaborate get-together party at the end is somewhat out of focus with the intimate understanding and affectionate sympathy which is the keynote of the rest of the book.

Body and Spirit

Reviewed by ALVAH C. BESSIE

BROTHERS. By L. A. G. STRONG. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1932. $2.50

THIS is a thoroughly satisfying book. Mr. Strong has demonstrated in the past, and here demonstrates again, that he is the master of a peculiarly harmonious style, and a creative artist of no niggardly power.

In its bare essentials, "Brothers" is an objectification of the eternal struggle between the body and the spirit, as personified in Fergus and Peter Macrae, fishermen of the Western Highlands. In the light of his gifts, Mr. Strong lifts this threadbare theme to a new level, and informs it with a simple yet powerful understanding. His plot is simplicity itself, but because "Brothers" is a work of art and not a piece of merely clever craftsmanship, that simplicity makes for a satisfaction rarely to be found in American fiction. It is strongly evident that we have here at work a man who possesses more than a desire to "express" himself. His characters achieve a vitality all the more intensified for their absence of complexity —they are concerned with the barest necessities—food, shelter, sexual expression—and they pursue those necessities relentlessly.

As he makes the acquaintance of Peter and Fergus Macrae, of the McFarishes, Mary and Captain Æneas M'Grath, the reader's heart will warm and his sympathies will be quickened by a group of characters animated by the elements which have for all time provided the springs of human action. They do not suffer from a *mal de siècle*—they are rarely introspective. They live, and the reader lives with them.

Agnes Mure Mackenzie, writing in the London *Mercury* of what makes Sir Walter Scott great says: "Perhaps the key of it is a rich fulness and range of human liking, that is none the less not a vane blown by all winds, but has a perpetual and clear reference to a very definite standard of personal values. Critics, and naturally, the young, grumble because Scott has little to say about sex. Now, sex is certainly one of the most interesting factors in life, but it is only one of them, after all. Scott, who commenced novelist at forty-three, was more interested in the general gamut of human relations, of which he shows an uncommon variety, aided by an enormous social range. His kings are famous, but his peasants are equally rich and various. He draws a fisherman's tragedy without patronage, and what was more surprising in his period, without any Rousseau-cum-Wordsworth sentimentality about the necessary moral superiority of the peasant."

DRAWING BY THOMAS DERRICK FOR HILAIRE BELLOC'S "NINE NINES" (Oxford, Eng.: Blackwood).

Ask Me Again!

The following literary test is a second instalment of questions derived from "Ask Me Again!" edited by J. N. Leonard, and to be issued on April 15 by the Viking Press.

1. In what poem are the lines:
   Come one, come all! This rock shall fly
   From its firm base as soon as I?
2. What character in literature, when asked what he was reading replied, "Words, words, words?"
3. Who made "all the little fishes talk like great whales?"
4. What Latin poet wrote much about a "Sabine farm?"
5. Who wrote "Lysistrata?"
6. What is Upton Sinclair's book "The Brass Check" concerned with?
7. Who was Lucretius?
8. In what language were the Memoirs of Casanova first written?
9. Who "came down like a wolf on the fold?"
10. Who wrote "The Hound of the Baskervilles?"
11. Who "wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll?"
12. Who wrote "Twenty-four Hours?"
13. What English writer said "I shall die first at the top," and went shortly thereafter insane?
14. Where did Emily Dickinson spend most of her life?
15. What did Petrucchio have to train?
16. Who wrote "The Buck in the Snow?"
17. What was Swift's "modest proposal?"
18. What novel by a Nobel prize-winner is set in a sanatorium?
19. Where did "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" live?
20. In what play are the characters Pyramus and Thisbe?
21. Who won the 1931 Pulitzer Prize for poetry?
22. What is the name of Rabelais's hero?
23. What character in English poetry was much troubled by an albatross?
24. Name two of the four heroes of "The Three Musketeers."
25. What did Alice eat to affect her stature?

ANSWERS

1. Marmion.
2. Hamlet.
3. Samuel Johnson.
4. Horace.
5. Aristophanes.
6. The prostitution of the press.
7. A Roman poet of the first century.
8. French.
9. The Assyrian.
10. Conan Doyle.
11. Oliver Goldsmith, or so Garrick said.
12. Louis Bromfield.
13. Jonathan Swift.
14. Amherst, Mass.
15. The shrew, his wife.
16. Edna St. Vincent Millay.
17. That the Irish children should be used as food.
18. "The Magic Mountain," by Thomas Mann.
19. His home was in the Sudan.
20. "Midsummer Night's Dream."
21. Conrad Aiken.
22. Gargantua.
23. The Ancient Mariner.
24. Porthos, Athos, Aramis, d'Artagnan.
25. Alternate sides of a mushroom. Also a cake.

The supper of Guermantes fills 200 pages in Proust's immense work.

Theo Varlet's "La Belle Valence" contains 250 pages and is occupied with only six minutes.

Adrien Le Corbeau's "L'Heure Finale" is the story of the last hour of a condemned man.

Emmanuel Bourcier's "La Beleba" takes place in the train between Paris and Nantes.

Crebillon Fils' "Les Matinées de Cythère" lasts from 11 p. m. to 7 a. m.

Emmanuel Bove's "Cœurs et Visages" commences at 8 p. m. and ends at 11.30 p. m.

Frank Swinnerton's "Nocturne" starts at 6 p. m. and ends at 2.20 a. m.

—Memo by the late Charles Vale.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The BOWLING GREEN

The Folder

WE give Richard Roe a holiday this week, to find space for some letters that have been accumulating in The Folder. The first is written as if from San Quentin Prison—it is always a pity to have to explain a joke, but to avoid regrettable misunderstanding you must know that it really comes from Mr. Don Marquis who is second to none in a good-humored spoof. Mr. Marquis, in the supposed character of one doing time in the Big House, writes as follows:

DEAR SIR:

I knew the Richard Roe who had an office in the Flatiron Building pretty well at one time; and there was a side of him far less pleasant than anything brought out, so far, in your reports of the investigation by Hubbard. Some of Hubbard's findings seem to me to indicate an elaborate attempt to whitewash the man. I cannot be more specific in a letter to a paper which finds its way ultimately to the pantry shelves of respectable suburban families, and thus exercises a certain influence upon the unformed minds of Swedish maid-servants. I will say, however, that the business in the Flatiron Building was merely a mask for other and more sinister operations. Hubbard's own motives in feeding you the sort of "information" you have been publishing are well-known to a few of us who were acquainted with the inside facts (never yet made public) of the Nicky Arnstein and Arnold Rothstein cases. A freckled individual, known variously in the old days as "Benny," or "Bennett," or "Bennaye," or "Beaney," or "The String Bean," who ostensibly made his living by writing rhymed advertisements for canned soup, knows more about Roe's under-cover activities than ever got into the public reports. If you can find "Beaney" you may get the real goods on both Roe and Hubbard. We heard a rumor here in San Quentin that "Beaney" (or Bennett) had gone straight, but his old pals in this prison find it hard to believe. "Beaney" was also known sometimes as "Fanny Brawn," and at other times as "Brawny Fan." "Beaney" is well-educated, and a clever forger; and at times can appear quite the gentleman. "Beaney" has a very convincing line of literary talk, a pleasant manner, and a most disarming chuckle—a chuckle as if all his freckles were twinkling with laughter. His great weakness is sauterne—indeed, it might better be called a strength than a weakness—and if you catch him after the third bottle you may get something authentic out of him. Then there were a couple of men who used to pose as sea-faring characters who were intimate with Roe: a baldish, stocky fellow with a Glasgow accent known as "Davie Bones," and a queer dick who went by the moniker of "Strap Perry." "Strap Perry" still works the resorts—he always has a yacht that is coming into port next week. "Strap" looks foreign, and does a bit in the gigolo line when the dope-peddling and confidence games are quiet. "Bones" specializes in smuggling in aliens, and I believe he really knows people in shipping circles. "Bones's" bluff, hearty manner—the perfect pattern of an old sailor—would deceive anyone not on his guard. But I have heard that he really knows more about hotel life than how to gee and haw a ship. He is a dangerous character, however, and always armed. These fellows were at one time members of the Roe mob, but at that they did not know *all* of his activities. Roe knew how to hide behind an appearance of commonplace reputability better than anyone who ever tricked the bulls and the D. A.'s office, and it saved him for years.

Don't be too sure that Roe is dead. Things were getting pretty close to him once before, and he staged a fake funeral. It looks to some of us as if Hubbard were over-doing it a bit with all this investigation—it looks like an over-elaborate advertisement of the man's demise, and it is mighty convenient for these birds just now to have Richard Roe—officially dead; and convenient for some other people who may be reached by a congressional investigation within the next few months. If the Richard Roe story is suddenly squelched, some of us will be able to guess why; and some of us think you were a sucker even to let it be put over on you in the first place.

The girls in the office knew nothing at all.

There used to be a very plausible fellow who was in with Roe who posed as a former professor at one of the universities — sometimes Yale, sometimes Harvard, sometimes Pennsylvania. "Mustache Hank" the mob called him. He could argue like a Philadelphia lawyer, and I think he pulled the literary stuff so long that he finally became genuinely interested in it. He took care of Roe's publicity; but under cover he was something else . . . a slick "contact" man. Roe needed a man like that to put him in touch with his intended victims in the upper classes of society, "Mustache Hank" was never mugged or fingerprinted; too slick for that!

You are getting deeper and deeper into a mess with this Roe stuff and you'd better get out while you can—just make some excuse and stop it.

There's a lot against Hubbard that is still alive. A letter from me to the right spot would make a lot of trouble yet. I don't have any disposition to write it—now.

We are allowed a number of little extra comforts here if we can pay for them. If you should think this warning valuable to you, a check for $10—made out to cash—could be readily handled here. Address No. 10379.

A TRUER FRIEND THAN YOU THINK.

Mr. Marquis has marked the final paragraph of his ingenious twit with certain marginalia in pencil, thus:

? Up to Finnegan
O. K. Finnegan
Split it?—Clancy
Yeah bo!—Finnegan
O. K.'d by Warden

It is excellent to see Mr. Marquis resuming his interest in Low Life; we hope it prognosticates another mystery story. We always knew from his work in a book called *Pandora Lifts the Lid* that he had great talent for sleuth fiction.

A client who is making his first transatlantic voyage writes to describe his adventures aboard the Norddeutscher Lloyd Dampfer *Bremen*, Tourist Class:

SIR:—All the accumulated energy of the Bremen's engine-room is transmitted to the propellers just about under where I sit. Except for this small discomfort this ship is just about as easy to live in as any hotel—but the seas we've been running through made me forget all that "floating hotel" idea. Just another ship and rolls with a vengeance. Takes her long to come back. But she's too long to pitch. I'm anxious to do a bit of exploring—so far have done all I'm permitted as a Tourist. The Tourist section is the best on the ship—what would be on a warship, the quarter deck. Tomorrow I'm going over her, got permission, but advised to start early as its a long trip. Do you know—look out here comes a statistic—that the *Bremen* is 51,676 tons? Speed 27 knots or at least so the bartender says. Anyway its no comfort leaning on the rail as the wind and speed almost tear the pipe from your mouth. Friday and Saturday we went half speed so we'll be a day late getting in.

But what I like especially are the signs—for instance how would you like to have a {BAD / BATH}? And the room marked {HERREN / GENTLEMEN} fairly bristles with labels; the various basins are all plainly marked so there'll be no mistake. That's the intention but I can't imagine an acutely bilious passenger pausing to find FÜR SEEKRANKE. The only sign missing in that Herren room is *Casual Ablutions Only.* (I suppose in German it would be a yard long).

About 90% of the passengers are enjoying the voyage somewhere in the hold. The stewards by heroic work do manage to get some on deck and into a steamer chair. This morning the parade started just as the band was playing *Orpheus in Hades.*

(*Later*) Determined not to wait for a conducted tour of the ship, so climbed the rail marked ZUTRITT VERBOTEN and started forward. Ignoring a battery of Verboten signs I finally made the boat deck, or more properly the airplane deck, between the funnels (the plane was lost recently and hasn't been replaced.) Finished the tour without seeing a passenger in the 1st Class (too early) and except two sailors spreading a canvas on one of the lifeboats I saw none of the crew. The thing seems to run itself.

PRICE LIST

Beer . . a seidel—15c. Tall glass 8c.
Scotch .....20c.
Rye .....25c.
Manhattan .....20c., etc.

Every day I find more signs. The Germans take no chances on your pushing the wrong button or opening The Wrong Box. Everything is translated—except the slot machine with books: the sign is German and so are the books. But if you think they don't keep in touch with the popular pulse, let me tell you that *Ballyhoo* and *Hooey* were on sale the first day; now sold out.

People are evidently still marrying each other; there are several honeymooners on board. The husbands never seem to leave the wives alone for an instant. Too many vultures about? Weather good today and several couples made first appearance on deck. Wonder what a seekranke honeymoon is like. I'm reading *Happy Thoughts.* Lady in chair next to me—very English—said "What an odd title, is it a religious book?"

Here's a hot one:—

ZU	KALT
SHUT	COLD
AUF	WARM
OPEN	HOT

W. S. H.

"DREAMTHORPE"

Sir:—This letter is prompted by your references to "Dreamthorpe." "Dreamthorpe" is an old and very intimate friend of mine. My copy, too, bears the date 1863, but on the inside cover is affixed a small label indicating that it was presented to Master George E. Kirsopp (my father) as a prize at the Linlithgow Grammar School in 1867. Now you may wonder why the headmaster should have selected "Dreamthorpe" as a prize. The reason is simple. Dreamthorpe is Linlithgow. My authority is my mother who is a very truthful woman, and no doubt received the information from people who knew Alexander Smith. They say he lived in a little house called Friarsbrae, and my mother and father, when first married, lived in Friarsbrae a few hundred yards distant and on the other side of the sleepy old canal of which Smith speaks.

In case you're of a skeptical nature and want further proof, you ought to go to Linlithgow your next trip across the Atlantic. You'll visit the old Linlithgow Palace—Smith calls it the castle—and Queen Margaret's tower where the Queen sat and waited in vain for James IV to return from Flodden Field; the plaque to commemorate the murder of the Regent Moray and other places and incidents referred to in "Dreamthorpe." If you're also a lover of Stevenson, you'll find "Cocklerye"—a hill some nine hundred feet high a mile or so behind the town. In case you don't recognize the name, turn to "A Scotsman's Return from Abroad"—"Since Mr. Thomson you and I last walked upon 'Cocklerye.'" Personally, I've never quite forgiven Stevenson for taking such poetic liberties with the name of my favorite hill. It's really "Cockelroi." As a boy, I never doubted that the "roi" was French "roi," although I've seen it spelled "Cocklerue." That it should have a French name, is no wonder. Mary Stuart was born in the old palace. And if you'll follow in Mr. Thomson's footsteps and climb Cockleroi, you'll see the ruins of Kips Castle, James IV's hunting lodge. And near by you'll see a large up ended stone—one of the Sanctuary stones surrounding the Chapel of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem at Torphicken. Better still, you may be able to acquire a copy of "For Stark Love and Kindness." (I haven't, but I recently borrowed one to renew acquaintance.) You'll find the history of that countryside woven into a romance.

E. C. A. KIRSOPP.

London publishers also give purposeful teas and lunch parties. Somehow it struck us that there was *something* rather amusing about this engraved card:

Sir Ernest Benn
requests the honor of your Company
to meet the Authors of the
New Ninepenny Novels
at Luncheon on
Wednesday, February 24th

Some time ago Mr. Thurston Macauley, on the London staff of the New York *Times,* was kind enough to send us the menu of the first meeting of the Saintsbury Club, held in London to celebrate the 87th birthday of Professor Saintsbury. The wines for the occasion were chosen by the club cellarer M. André Simon, and Mr. Hilaire Belloc proposed the health of the club's patron saint. The meeting was held appropriately at Vintners' Hall and all the vintages were chosen with sedulous care. The post-prandial brandy was distilled in 1844, the year of Professor Saintsbury's birth. The notes on the various wines have the fine savor that all technical language properly shows. We specially like the remarks on the youngest vintage honored by the club:

MONTRACHET BÂTARD 1926. This promising young burgundy, from the Club cellars, is a wine which should be interesting to members to follow. Its bouquet, as yet unassertive, and the well-knit texture of its adolescent body, suffer from proximity with the centenarian *sercial* [an ancient Madeira which preceded it at the dinner] but it deserves, and will be given, a better chance at later meetings.

One wishes that more book reviews were written with equal brevity and point.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

M. Luckiesh, writing in the New York *Times* of the powers of the eye, says: "When the contrast is high, as in the case of very black paper, one can see an object one-thirtieth the minimum size visible when the contrast is very low. In other words, the smallest black object visible on a very dark gray background is about thirty times larger than the smallest visible on a white background.

"A practical application of the foregoing is the visibility of printed matter on the low grade in a telephone directory compared with that of the same details printed with the best black ink on the best white paper. It requires three times as much light to make the former equally as visible as the latter. In other words, an increase in the quantity of light, which is the external partner of seeing, can make up for the deficiencies in the physical characteristics of the object."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE Collected Poems of G. K. Chesterton (Dodd, Mead) is, to me, an event. Despite his infinite polemics, his numerous novels, his multitudinous essays, his detective stories, and his master paradoxes, Gilbert Chesterton's greatest gift from the gods was the gift of verse. If he learned his art from masters so diverse as Lord Macaulay, Algernon Charles Swinburne, and Charles Stuart Calverley, nevertheless he learned his lessons well. And from his lessons he rose to travel his own road. It turned out to be the road of the troubadour. If his paradoxes stole into his lyrics like the little dwarfs he describes that stole in and out of the black velvet tapestry on the walls of King Philip's closet, in G. K. C's great ballad of "Lepanto," they attained new significance there. Frankly a militant Christian, he has sung his creed always as one of gallantry and chivalry and made of it a thrilling thing. There is a fine masculine ring and roll to his ballad stanzas. His humorous and satirical verse, on the other hand, his parody and his biting irony, have displayed a new master of light verse. There has been nothing better in the Ballade in recent times—as entirely distinguished from the Ballad—than "A Ballade of Suicide"—

The world will have another washing day;
The decadents decay; the pedants pall;
And H. G. Wells has found that children play,
And Bernard Shaw discovered that they squall;
Rationalists are growing rational—
And through thick woods one finds a stream astray,
So secret that the very sky seems small—
I think I will not hang myself to-day.

There is no more original drinking song in the language than "The Rolling English Road":

His sins they were forgiven him; or why
do flowers run
Behind him; and the hedges all strengthening in the sun?
The wild thing went from left to right and knew not which was which,
But the wild rose was above him when they found him in the ditch.
God pardon us, nor harden us; we did not see so clear
The night we went to Bannockburn by way of Brighton Pier.

Such deeply humorous things that yet preserve the essence of poetry are genuine achievements. And with what an undeniably heroic accent the remarkable "Ballad of the White Horse" begins! The dedication to the poet's wife gives human love a true definition in strong, compact stanzas:

And I thought, "I will go with you,
As man with God has gone,
And wander with a wandering star,
The wandering heart of things that are,
The fiery cross of love and war
That like yourself, goes on."

Such poetry accomplishes one fundamental object of poetry, it communicates noble emotion. And in that the emotion is perfectly genuine it never rings false, however rhythmically expressed. Chesterton's sense of humor, which is another way of saying his sense of proportion, controls him when he is most serious. And his poetry gains in drive because—whether one agrees with it or not—it is directed from a single point of view. This writer has always been a good antidote to a good deal of highfalutin' modernism consisting mainly of windy phrases or didacticisms accepted by the many simply because they were so positively stated. But Chesterton allows no new dictum to escape without thorough examination. One may not agree with him that the Roman Catholic Church possesses the only healthy road to life in a most peculiar world, but one must admit much sanity of vision in the man himself. And certainly he is a good workman at his song. The kind of thing he has been doing in verse all these years is, of course, as different from modern experimentation as anything could well be, but though its roots are in the great tradition, Chesterton always commands an unexpected turn of his own with which to freshen his garlands. And the argument of his ballads distinguishes them from any others. If it be said that his mysticism has a tendency toward formula I think that a closer examination of his shorter poems and of the passages of the longer where it is most in evidence, will show that his use of paradoxical statement is far more spontaneous than that. It is hard to prophesy where he will rank in contemporary English verse when the years have rolled on. But I believe that anyone who has the normal desire for poetry that sings itself will be reading "The Ballad of the White Horse" and others for a long time.

AN EXCELLENT PRIMER

Mr. L. A. G. Strong has a good title for his book for the average reader which is entitled *Common Sense about Poetry.* I have not yet read the small volume thoroughly, but dipping into it here and there I have found much interesting matter. Mr. Strong is extremely lucid. And lucid explanation of poetry is what is decidedly needed today. The nebulous and unexplaining explanations that we have had of late concerning certain modern work, the evasiveness of critics when they are called upon to get down to actual cases and explain the beauties they contend that they find in certain cryptograms—all this creates a new *abracadabra* attitude concerning poetry which is a notably bad thing, in particular as the last generation was rather violently engaged in stripping away from the subject of poetry whatever buncombe concerning afflatus and so-on may have persisted. Without seeing what they were doing, a number of modern poets and critics have been creating a large and unnecessary mystery around poetry which now badly needs to be dispersed. What might be called the act of poetry is mysterious enough as it is.

From the above it must not be gathered that Mr. L. A. G. Strong is what the radicals in verse would think of as conservative. He appears to me as a liberal. His anthologies have shown a receptiveness to work in modern experimentation as well as to more traditional poems. Mr. Strong has had a great deal of first-hand experience with what is being written today. His analysis of poetry is also the work of a practicing poet. He is up with the times and at the same time cognizant of those elements which have made poetry what it is from the beginning. I should strongly advise the beginning reader of poetry who is entering a field somewhat alien and wishes to locate a few of the landmarks at once to get Mr. Strong's small book which is published by Knopf. The service he renders is to the average reader.

BLUNDEN'S SELECTED WORK

Edmund Blunden has long since established his reputation as an English contemporory bucolic poet of high attainment. Now his publishers, Harpers, have brought out *Poems 1914-30* containing all the author most values of his poetry. I must confess as an entirely personal attitude that I have never been attracted as strongly to Blunden's poetry as to that of several of his contemporaries. His workmanship is careful, the spirit that informs his verse is decidedly likable. He is sympathetic, sensitive, thoroughly well-read in great English verse, and occasionally approaching its very accent; and yet, he neither touches me deeply nor supplies that spinal thrill so often spoken of. I miss salience, deep feeling in his work. I admit a fine weaving of the cloth; and I perceive a fine person in the weaver. Simply to me some element is missing that would make the patterns come alive to me.

A NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE 42nd PARALLEL"

JOHN DOS PASSOS

1919! It means a march of time, a pattern of events, a segment of civilization. And it means people—the people who were a part of 1919 and its impact on the world. . . . 1919, John Dos Passos' new novel, takes a picture of a decade of our time and tells a powerful story of human life. It traces the fates of some American people—men and women of various ages and ambitions. It shows the interlocking of their lives in a maelstrom of events that are now history. . . . It has that swift rush of reality and unblenching truth that comes only in an unforgettable novel of first rank.

"Dos Passos may be, more than Dreiser, Cather, Hergesheimer, Cabell, or Anderson, the father of humanized and living fiction—not merely for America but for the world."
—SINCLAIR LEWIS

JOHN DOS PASSOS
473 pages, $2.50 at bookstores
HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, INC.
383 MADISON AVENUE, N. Y.

Sublimated Failures

MATTHIAS AT THE DOOR. By EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931. $1.75.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THIS poem exhibits more tellingly than any of the long blank verse narratives which Mr. Robinson has been writing for the last decade, the author's narrowing limitations and his power, his very luxuriance, within those limitations. The story, even in outline, is recognizably Robinsonian. There are four characters: Garth, doomed by futility, his whole career being a process of dying; his friend and natural opposite, Matthias, the successful; Natalie, Matthias's wife; and Timberlake, the friend of all, who acts as local Greek chorus. At the outset of the tale, Garth surmounts his overwhelming sense of frustration by suicide; but, though dead, Garth dominates the lives of the others. His self-defeat is measured against Matthias's conquering self-sufficiency—and it is the latter which is found wanting. Garth's death tears holes in the surrounding web of silence and lets in shafts of pitiless truth. It reveals Timberlake's long-suppressed love of Natalie, Natalie's choked passion and her hopeless hope that Timberlake will forget his loyalty to Matthias; it betrays Matthias's utter dependence on his own self-righteousness and his inability to live by it. The end, as might be imagined, is tragedy for all. Natalie who, unconsciously but inevitably, causes Matthias's disintegration, follows Garth's example and takes poison. Her death completes Matthias's extinction, or, since he is not sufficiently aware of inner life, jars him into a kind of rebirth. Timberlake dies. Matthias, too, attempts suicide, but is thrust back since he cannot die until he has been born. The spirit of Garth, in what is meant to be a hopeful coda, promises him rebirth through "seeking what's hidden in you for you to recognize and use."

As always, Robinson's sympathies are with the scorned and the rejected, even the self-scorned and those (like Garth) rejected by life itself. Garth, though destroyed, is not dishonored; it is Matthias, his eyes "filmed with the rich web of his complacency," who is despicable in success and likable only in defeat. But in this poem Robinson takes the desperate *leitmotif* a step further: It is not only Garth and Matthias who go down in darkness and in light, but their companions in shadow, Natalie and Timberlake, are engulfed as the tale coils and uncoils about a core of death. The poem becomes a slow chant of fourfold failure.

Technically, "Matthias at the Door" shows an advance, a rare thing in a writer no longer young. There is a greater directness of speech in every one of the six mounting sections. Robinson uses his circumlocutory, tail-chasing constructions less and less; more and more he employs an onward driving suggestiveness whose half-withheld, half-announced implications are not the least of his power. The descriptions though few are swift and memorable. The blank verse has grown sharper and at the same time more musical. Witness the last two lines in the volume with their shifting vowels, open w's and drumbeat, doom-insisting d's:

With a vast gratitude that humbled him
And warmed him while he waited for the dawn.

And yet, for all its virtues, there are shortcomings in the work, shortcomings which are not only serious but integral. The phrasing represents a major fault. All of Robinson's four characters talk the same dark, deliberate idiom. There is no distinguishing the tired Natalie's tone of voice from the affirmative Matthias's; Garth's suicidal soliloquies have the same inflection as Timberlake's detached wisdoms. It might be said in rebuttal that Robinson's philosophy has always determined his *dramatis personæ*. But there were, in the past, subtle shades of speech and suspense that differentiated the loquacious Captain Craig from the inarticulate Reuben Bright, the pathetic derelictions of Bewick Finzer from the tipsy-tender garrulity of Eben Flood. Those shades have vanished. Instead, we have a set of figures gesticulating their desires and disappointments, but echoing the unvarying accent of their creator. They wave their own bewildered hands, but the voice is too analytically, often dramatically, but a little too insistently, the voice of Robinson.

There is a still graver flaw. What keeps the reader from a complete sharing with Robinson's four tortured beings is that they can be apprehended only as disembodied (though protesting) intellects. They function, it seems, only in periods of painful thought, in nuances of expression, not in events, but in rationalizing the events. It is not the active, illogical world which the reader inhabits, but a limbo where the continually capped, well-turned reply makes everything explicable and the ghosts of emotion are argued away. That, possibly, may be Robinson's very intention. If it is, he has never accomplished it as well as in this work.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foreign Literature

Hauptmann's Latest

SPUK; DIE SCHWARZE MASKE; HEXENRITT. By GERHART HAUPTMANN. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1931.

DIE SPITZHACKE. By GERHART HAUPTMANN. The same.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

STUDENTS of Gerhart Hauptmann's work have all along been aware of the fact that, side by side with the stern and unbending naturalism in which he made his first reputation, there was a sentimental trend, and an emotional and occult tendency. Of recent years these other strains in his mental and artistic make-up have become more and more prominent and important. Thus, in his play "Indipohdi," written during the war, he was decidedly mystical, or even mystifying, so various were the interpretations put upon his work. In his "Heretic of Soana" there was a strong under-current of pagan mythological eroticism; in his otherwise realistic novel "Wanda" he presented the chief character as a kind of vampire; his epic "Till Eulenspiegel" had several supernatural and occult scenes, and its culmination was pure symbolism. Ghosts, vampires, satyrs, pagan divinities —all these showed a preoccupation with the occult which is most emphatically illustrated in his two latest works.

Let it be said at once that neither the two plays issued under the title of "Spuk," nor the short story called "Die Spitzhacke," is calculated to advance his reputation. Still, Hauptmann is the principal living German dramatist, one of the few German playwrights with established international reputation, and anything from his pen deserves attention. The first of the plays, "The Black Mask," is frankly a "thriller." Its scene is the dramatist's native Silesia, at the time of the Thirty Years' War, when religious hatred, intrigue, the horrors of war and plague, stalked the land. The desolating atmosphere of the time is well suggested, but amid it all the house of the prosperous and tolerant burgomaster, Silvanus Schuller, is a haven of peace, a place where opposing creeds can meet. The burgomaster's wife, Benigna, however, has a dread secret. Years before she had had a child by a negro, and her fear is that the black man will return and betray her secret, and demand money. And so, while the various guests sit at dinner, there are all kinds of exciting happenings, the appearance of a black mask, murder, screechings, mutterings by the sinister servants, sudden death from plague—a regular series of Grand Guignol scenes, at the end of which the old burgomaster, with the mysteriously beautiful young girl Daga, whom Benigna had tolerated as her husband's mistress, is left alone. The second play is slighter; it represents a kind of northern Walpurgisnacht as seen in the dreams of two Scandinavian travellers, who settle to sleep for the night in an old, half-ruined Swedish castle. It is not very easy to follow it all in the reading, and on the stage, one would imagine, it would not be very effective. German critics have seen in it a certain autobiographical significance, as having reference to Hauptmann's friendship with a Swedish explorer. But similar autobiographical touches can be found, by the curious, in most of Hauptmann's works.

"Die Spitzhacke" is avowedly autobiographical, and for that reason it was, apparently, for some time confided only to the writer's personal friends. It carries the reader back to Hauptmann's birthplace, the hotel at the little Silesian watering-place of Obersalzbrunn. Hauptmann heard that it was to be demolished—to be handed over to housebreaker's pickaxe, hence the title. And so in thought he projected himself back to his birth, even to his existence before his body was formed, and spun a fantastic story of his thoughts, of the phantoms that peopled his brain, or who haunted the actual place of his boyhood. It is a wild, breathless narrative, and better worth reading than the plays. In the whole volume of Gerhart Hauptmann's work, however, it will hardly be reckoned as of more than personal and transitory value.

A writer in the *Manchester Guardian*, in the course of an article on "The Poets and St. Valentine's Day," enumerates among those who have made mention of that occasion Lydgate, Chaucer, Drayton, and Donne.

An Argentine Novel

LA GLORIA DE DON RAMIRO. By ENRIQUE LARRETA. Buenos Aires: Viau y Zona. 1931.

Reviewed by HERMINE HALLAM-HIPWELL

ARGENTINE novels, as a general rule, do not make any special appeal to the foreign reader, unless he happens to be directly interested in the literary development of the Republic. In the first place, the difference in idiom and style—for there is a wide and undeniable gulf fixed between *castellano*, the language of Spain, and the *idioma nacional* of the Argentines—restricts the sale of books by Argentine authors abroad, for the reader accustomed to the lovely, flowing periods of Spanish prose will only become impatient of the *criollo* inelegances of diction. In the second place, the subject matter of the usual Argentine novel is so purely local, tales of the hill provinces, depending for their interest on clever or forceful characterization, or pseudo-psychological studies of society types, that here again the foreign reader is more likely to be bored than interested. There are, of course, exceptions. Thus Ricardo Guiraldes's "Don Segundo Sombra," although absolutely Argentine in every respect, being nothing but the life history of a cattle-man of the *pampas*, commanded a vast audience thanks to the very high literary merit of the book, while Manuel Galvez's trilogy on the Paraguayan War is another Argentine achievement which fully deserves to be widely known. On the whole, though, it can be said that Argentine literature being in the experimental stage, it is only of primary importance to the Argentines themselves and to those who, like the reviewer, have followed with interest its rapid development during the last twenty years.

"La Gloria de Don Ramiro," by Enrique Larreta, is not, precisely speaking, a new book, yet a recently published edition, illustrated by the Ibero-Argentine artist, Alejandro Sirio, has brought once again into prominence a novel which undoubtedly deserves to be ranked among the foremost works by an Argentine writer published up to the present. This is, perhaps, a sweeping statement to make. Yet no one who, knowing the Spanish language, as well as the poverty of Argentine expression, and, what is even more striking, the poverty of Argentine imagination, can doubt that Enrique Larreta's novel is among the most serious, if not the only serious, contribution that Argentina has made to the imaginative fiction of our time.

"La Gloria de Don Ramiro" is first and foremost a historical novel, and since Argentine history, which is quite distinct from the colorful and romantic history of what are now the republics of Peru, Bolivia, and Colombia, is little else save a monotonous account of guerrilla warfare and endless political intrigue, Enrique Larreta has chosen as the background for his hero the magnificence and the bigotry of Spain in the reign of Philip the Second. Moreover, Enrique Larreta has lived for many years in Spain, writes like a Spaniard rather than an Argentine, and loves, perhaps even more deeply than his own country, the wild, tragic beauty of that country which fought the Moors for seven hundred years, drenched its arid soil with the blood of guilty and innocent alike, offering to heaven the endless incense of the auto-da-fé, and whose children are, even today, proud and arrogant and aloof, fully conscious of their great past. And his book, his stirring account of the life and death of Ramiro de Aguila, can best be described as Enrique Larreta's impassioned, and at times lyrical, testimony of his love for Spain, her cities, and her people, and the grim pageant of her history.

Ramiro, the principal character in the book, is the very quintessence of the Spanish hidalgo of the seventeenth century. He is the son of Doña Guiomar and, though this Ramiro is not to know until near the end of his tragic story, a young Moorish warrior, and he lives in the deserted home of his forefathers in Avila, the city of saints and knights, given over to the care of the women servants and Medrano, a trusted squire who had fought the Turks at Lepanto and fed the boy's imagination with tales of those terrible days. Ramiro, hyper-sensitive, filled with pride of his ancient lineage, is destined by his mother for the Church, that he with his prayers and his fastings may continue, when she dies, her endless expiation of her sins. Learned priests are engaged to teach him, he meditates, kneels long in the cold silence of the churches, yet his youth will not be denied, and he dreams of glory, he dreams of valiant deeds which will make him famous throughout Spain, throughout the world; he dreams of the love of women, the conquest of the beautiful and heartless Beatriz, his neighbor and childhood friend. His whole being is torn between his two desires: his ambition for worldly fame and his longing for heavenly reward. The first of these leads him to a single act of heroism followed by the betrayal of his given word, and when the fruits of this world are turned to ashes and bitterness on his lips, he turns to the path pointed out to him by his mother in childhood, only to find again defeat.

Ramiro is indeed the very embodiment of his period, that period which saw Spain's greatness and her defeat, the conquest of the Indies and the loss of the proud Armada, the power of the Church and the poverty of the people, while over the land brooded the melancholy of that terrible monarch Philip the Second. Rich and gloomy, this background is admirably suited to Enrique Larreta's style. Religion and intrigue form the main themes of his remarkable book which is among the most colorful and able studies of an extraordinary period of Spain's history, yet its principal interest lies undoubtedly in the wayward character of Ramiro.

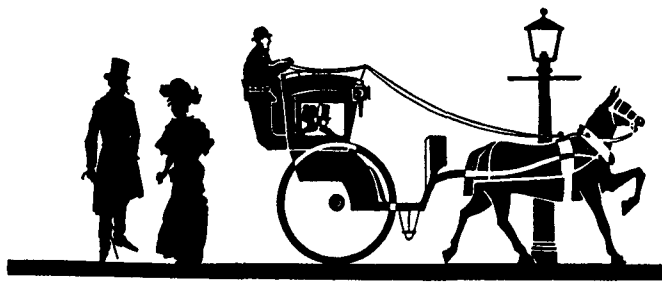
No mention of "La Gloria de Don Ramiro," however, is quite complete without some reference to the brilliant drawings by Alejandro Sirio which fill the illustrated edition of the novel. They are among the finest designs in black and white which Latin America has produced and are moreover a most fitting complement to the book—greater praise there could not be.

"Le Monde Occidental ou Poésie de l'Amérique," by Henri de Ziegler (Paris & Neuchâtel, Attinger), is that unusual book, a book by a European writer who comes back from the States with a good opinion of American civilization and of the American scene. Keenly aware as he is of some of the absurdities and weaknesses of American life and American thought, M. de Ziegler (a Geneva novelist and poet), is even more sensitive to the beauty, the daring, the tonic atmosphere of America and he writes about his experiences in the East and the Middle West where he recently gave a series of lectures, with evident gusto. There is all the enthusiasm of the explorer and the poet in the pages of the beauty of bridges, rivers, and the new architecture, and much amusing or eloquent comment on the five-and-ten store, American hotels and trains, American cuisine, etc. The author's French is brisk and spirited, and his book reads quickly.

The whole sweep of the
VICTORIAN ERA...

If you like the novels of V. Sackville-West—are interested in the world of Strachey's *Queen Victoria* —or remember with pleasure the play *Berkeley Square*—here's a book that will be a delight to you.

It's the story of a vivacious lady who danced with Napoleon III, was kissed by old "Dizzy" . . . yet is young enough to read Aldous Huxley and fly from London to Paris. We consider the book Sir Philip's best novel—by far the most charming and engaging story he has ever written.



$2.50 *Everywhere*

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

THE GOLDEN YEARS
by PHILIP GIBBS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A GREAT NOVEL COMES FROM BUDAPEST

CZARDAS

. . . Never has man's quest for some ultimate beauty amid the stress and strain and havoc of the modern world been more vividly symbolized than in this fiery Hungarian masterpiece by Jenö Heltai; already translated into English, German, French and Swedish.

Decorations by Lynd Ward $2.50

RECOMMENDED BOOKS

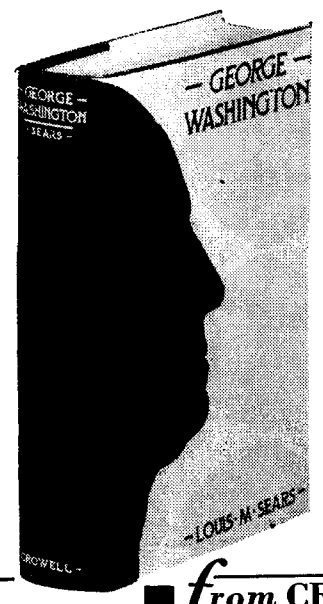
DAVID'S DAY by Denis Mackail. Even more entertaining than "The Square Circle." $2.50

THE SONG OF THE LARK by Willa Cather. A brilliant portrayal of an American opera singer. New Edition. $2.50

LUDENDORFF, the Tragedy of a Military Mind, by Karl Tschuppik. $5.00

MEN ON THE HORIZON by Guy Murchie, Jr. Vagabond encounters with the Orient and the Occident. Illustrated, $3.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY



"Stands head and shoulders above the rest." —*Lewis Gannett, N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

— GEORGE — WASHINGTON

By *Louis M. Sears*
Purdue University

"Anything Prof. Sears writes on American history will bear the stamp of scholarship and authenticity."—*Charles A. Beard.*

"A sane life of Washington."—*New York Evening Post.*

"Authoritative and interesting. . . . One of the best."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"The biography may be pronounced one of the most useful we have."—*Prof. Allen Nevins* in *New York Times Book Review.*

$5.00

from CROWELL'S *List of Good Books*

THOS. Y. CROWELL COMPANY, NEW YORK

A SMASHING SUCCESS ON THE CONTINENT

WHO ARE THESE FRENCH?

by FRIEDRICH SIEBURG

"Clear, witty, sympathetic, ruthless"

A study of French civilization by a German who loves France and believes that she is a menace to world progress, who sees her as "France, the obstacle, ambiguous, and vacillating. France—the glorious muddle."

"A masterpiece of shrewd observation"

"Never before has an analysis of France been made with more brilliance and clarity"—Chicago Daily News

$2.50 At all bookstores $2.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Points of View

Cleveland's Letters

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Arrangements are being made for an authorized and complete edition of the letters of Grover Cleveland. Numerous letters by Mr. Cleveland are known to be in private hands throughout the country. We earnestly request all persons holding them to send either the originals or careful copies to the editor of the collection, Professor Allan Nevins, Columbia University, New York City. If originals are sent they will be transcribed and returned immediately.

Grover Cleveland Birthplace Memorial Association,
JOHN H. FINLEY, President.
Grover Cleveland Association,
GEORGE FOSTER PEABODY, President
DAVID ROBINSON, Secretary.

Is "Bin" a "Has-Bean?"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In "Imagination in Business" Loring Deland, inventor at Harvard of the flying wedge and later one of America's first advertising men, tells about his desperate efforts to stem the tide which was turning against the Congress shoe. I recall the Congress shoe: with its elastic sides: the ease with which it was put on and taken off. The Congress shoe was an inspiration. There was nothing wrong with it. I wish one could secure a pair today. But they're as extinct as the hopes which centered in the League of Nations. And why? Because a group of "dudes" on the Atlantic seaboard began to wear the imported English lace shoe. These fellows were complete asses. Men who ape the English always *are* complete asses. To be an ape is to be an ass—biologically paradoxical as this may sound. Nevertheless despite Deland's efforts which involved even such desperate and inspired ideas as to distribute an accident policy free with every pair of good honest Congress shoes they soon became tabu, considered "hick," and the inconvenient, absurd lace shoes swept the country.

I note similar symptoms relative to that good old Webster - indorsed American word "been," pronounced according to Webster "bin"—like coal bin (but why bring that up just now?) Every ass whom I meet is now pronouncing been—"bean." The less he has in his bean the more certain he is to say "bean." I derive a malicious pleasure from making bets with my friends as to how many cocktails will be required to cause a relapse into "bin." Most of them slump after the third—a few have stayed with "bean" until the fifth. Sooner or later they all fall. One slipped all the way back to "ben." But the point is right here. I predict that within ten years this gentry will have us all saying "bean." Just as the sensible, comfortable, useful convenient Congress shoe was defeated—a noble industry wrecked—so will "bin" go the way of all flesh. The radio is already infected: the sound movies will complete the job. For within all of us, apparently, is a vein of ladi-da-ism, a streak of assininity—which makes us, if sufficient pressure be applied, revert to such silliness. Thus is Spengler's pessimism justified. Thus does fashion make cowards of us all.

H. J. BARRETT.

Anent American Humor

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In a recent letter Mr. Elmer Davis congratulates you on the editorial in which you view with alarm the lack of humor among contemporary American writers. There is a reason, he says. The younger American writers take themselves so solemnly because they have failed to grow up. I agree with Mr. Davis that there is a reason. But it is the opposite of that which Mr. Davis suggests. May I explain?

Contemporary American writers have renounced humor (of the usual sort) because they have grown up. I do not mean to imply that humor is usually a sign of immaturity, but merely that the American humor of our fathers was usually immature. It kept America from growing up. Mark Twain is the obvious example of the humorist who remained a playboy to the end. His wife always called him "Youth," and America applauded his Tom Sawyers and Huck Finns, who manifested the irrepressible humor of youth. But neither Mark nor Tom ever grew up. American humor remained a childish evasion.

The sense of humor may mature in any one of several ways. It may grow into a boisterous and whole-hearted acceptance of life, as in Rabelais. (Mark Twain's wife would not allow this.) It may grow into a genial and kindly satire on life, as in Cervantes. (The American temperament would not allow this.) Or it may grow into a deeply felt realization of the contradictions of life.

Cervantes, it is said, "laughed Spain's chivalry away." Well, because Mark Twain did not dare to laugh America's "Puritanism" away, the laughter of modern America has become "dark." If the connection seems obscure, the first few pages of Sherwood Anderson's "Dark Laughter" will explain. He quarrels with Mark Twain, directly. Because the laughter of our predecessors was brittle, that of our contemporaries has become tragic or mystical. Eugene O'Neill's "Lazarus Laughed" is another example. (The laughter, be it noted, is still there.)

Mr. Davis prefers George Kaufmann to Eugene O'Neill. The contrast is apt. Mr. Kaufmann's humor is much like Mark Twain's. It escapes hilariously (and impotently) into the realm of nonsense. It abdicates the mature function of humor. It says, "No, let's not be serious." It is something of a Mephistopheles. And because the strength of the demon has been so great, our O'Neills and Andersons have had to go to some lengths to exorcise him.

Mr. Davis believes that the Babbitts have recently grown up, because they have ceased to feel that they have to be solemn to be successful. But the Babbitts have never been so very solemn. They have always swapped stories and played practical jokes and slapped one another on the back. Only recently the Babbitts have become unusually solemn. Can it be that the Babbitts and the modern writers (most of them) are growing up together?

FREDERICK I. CARPENTER.

Belmont, Mass.

More on Humor

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In reading Mr. Davis's letter, "There Is a Reason," I am under the disadvantage of having missed the editorial to which he refers. Presumably the discussion is centered on literature in this country alone, however: else would I mention André Maurois, Thomas Mann, James Stevens, Alec Waugh. Yet where, one asks—and here I risk the critics' ire by calling upon that pariah of pariahs, the best seller— was more courage and "beauty forthright" than in our own Thornton Wilder's "Woman of Andros"? And even the Babbitts read, yes, and admired, a novel called "Arrowsmith" by a writer called Lewis, wherein a certain Leora and Martin were both humorous and brave.

Allow me, also, to say a word about that absurd gesture of pitting Kaufmann against O'Neill. They happen both to be favorites of mine, not because they are this or that critic's favorite, nor because my opinion matters, but for the simple reason that I admire them as artists of two distinct *milieus*. Kaufmann is all meringue, O'Neill all crust. Some day we'll have, I hope, an artist in which the twain shall meet, and then—pardon a gauche and culinary figure!—behold the pie! But pending that "far off divine event," I'll take the crust, myself. That's if I'm forced to choose. And it's well known that "Mourning Becomes Electra," at least, was written as a trilogy to be enacted on three different nights. Convict O'Neill on grounds of lengthiness and what's to be done with Goethe, for instance, or Dante, or Wagner?

CHARLES GROS.

Western Springs, Ill.

Our Apologies

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In your issue of January 16th, you were kind enough to review the Random House edition of "The Red Badge of Courage." Unfortunately, you listed the price of this book at $7.50 instead of the correct price, which is $15.00.

BENNETT A. CERF,
New York City. Random House, Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Fiction

THE JAYBIRD. By MACKINLAY KANTOR. Coward-McCann. 1932. $2.

This novel should enhance the reputation Mr. Kantor has already earned. It is a story of authentically American life, told as only an American could tell it.

In the course of a loosely constructed narrative—none the less absorbing for its lack of "substanee"—the reader will make the acquaintance of a few solidly realized characters, will be privileged to feel a real imagination at work. The author seems to be equally at home in town or country, to be equally sympathetic in his treatment of children, old men, and women, and in this he has achieved a thoroughly satisfying objectivity.

The little town of Clay City, Iowa, is preparing for its Memorial Day exercises. Perhaps the outstanding figure in this annual reunion is old "Red" Feather, the town drunkard. On one day of the year at least he obtains the respect of his fellow men, for he is an "old soldier" and the fifer of his Post. But this particular Memorial Day witnesses the final dissolution of his family. He disgraces himself by falling asleep during the exercises. His daughter-in-law finally succumbs to the blandishments of a traveling salesman and leaves town with him. He is alone with his eleven year old grandson. "This town. Never have liked it. Never did like it." The announcement is tantamount to a decision. Reanimated by his old memories, the old man takes to the road once more, his grandson at his side.

To the reader remains the joy of slowly savoring that unique pilgrimage into the world—the pilgrimage of an old broken man and a young impressionable boy.

THE SEVEN STARS. By ANDRÉ MALVIL. Macmillan. 1932. $2.

Readers anxious for plenty of action will find nothing in this book for them; it is only a quiet, completely sure, and completely authoritative, handling of a spiritual victory. With no striking events, no dramatic confrontations, it moves on a very high level of slow, inevitable development. Its scenes distil a poignancy that is in their very nature, not in any insistent emphasis; and the effect at the end is one of having passed through an experience of cool and still lofty emotion.

The narrator at the opening of the story (which is a series of retrospective passages concluding with the present) is an aging man of the world, fashionable, solitary, selfish, and not untouched by the fouler vices. Aware of approaching age and decrepitude, in sheer vanity he has tried to make his mistress an Irish-American girl who has repulsed all his fellows. He succeeded, and at first his response was merely the conceit of the triumphant masculine animal. But Vivian had qualities of lightness, gaiety, and devoted affection that aroused a deeper response: he came to love her, not merely be her lover. He knew, with gratitude, that she loved him. Her death threw him into a dry, despairing, morbid interest in death, and he began to read, for the first time, the philosophers, hoping to solve the problem, and then to seek the beds of the dying. He was drawn into their service, at first reluctantly, with repulsion, but with shame. And then, little by little, the shell of selfishness broke. He sympathized and grieved. From this time on his growth was slow but triumphant. In sorrow and suffering and love the selfish lover of pleasure has found the final beauty of life.

International

AMERICAN FOREIGN RELATIONS: 1931. Edited by CHARLES P. HOWLAND and published by the Yale University Press for the Council on Foreign Relations. 1931. $5.

There is a certain monotony in reviewing annual publications from year to year. There can hardly be anything startlingly unexpected about them. Yet these yearly volumes on Foreign Relations by the Council, of which this is the fourth, are not merely annual reiterations of what has gone before. If there is any monotony involved, it is in the high order of merit which the editor and the staff of the Council have been able to maintain throughout the series.

The series purports to consist of annual surveys. But thus far it has not developed along survey lines. The volumes might more accurately be entitled: "Studies in American Foreign Problems." In previous numbers our interests in the Far East, in the Caribbean, and in Europe have been reviewed. In this volume Mexico predominates, Limitation of Armaments and Post-war Financial Relations dividing the remainder of the pages.

I doubt if there has been published a more competent presentation of the various problems which have engaged the joint attention and sometimes the mutual hostility of the Department of State and the Mexican Foreign Office in recent years. The agrarian problem, the oil controversy, the debt question, immigration, international claims, and the issue between Church and State in Mexico, into which, in spite of its purely national character, our representatives have been drawn, all are treated with singular fairness and adequacy.

The subtle mathematics of naval disarmament are set out with earnestness and an evident desire to make them clear. That they are not altogether so is the fault of the figures and the diplomatic controversies back of them rather than due to any failure in their presentation here. Much the same may be said of the chapter on the Bank for International Settlements, the German Mixed Claims Commission, and the American War Claims against Austria and Hungary.

One notes with mingled gratitude for what has been accomplished and regret for the future, the closing sentence of the preface: "With this, the fourth volume, the retiring Director brings to an end his work in the preparation of these Surveys."

POLITICAL HANDBOOK OF THE WORLD. Edited by WALTER H. MALLORY. Harper & Brothers for the Council on Foreign Relations. 1932. $2.50.

The 1932 volume of Mr. Mallory's excellent compilation of data on the parliaments, the political parties, and the press of every country in the world brings its annual quota of service to those who work in the field of international affairs. How important it is to keep such a work up to date by frequent revisions is illustrated by the fact that during the last year there have been five revolutions, twenty-six general elections, and scores of cabinet changes.

The present issue maintains the high standard of completeness and accuracy achieved in previous numbers.

AMERICA FACES THE FUTURE. Edited by CHARLES A. BEARD. Houghton Mifflin. 1932. $3.

Dr. Beard has brought together in this book the documentary record of the important economic plans offered for America's consideration in recent months. It is thus essentially a source book—representative and comprehensive as of the day the book went to press. But as such it remains disappointingly innocent of any interpretation or evaluation of the proposals set forth.

At this date the questions which any discussion of planning raise have already become less factual. People are rightly asking today: Can we reconcile fundamental economic planning with the methods and the accepted objectives of private capitalistic industry? Is fundamental planning possible that does not go the whole way to some kind of dictated control of production and distribution? Are we willing to pay the price of such dictatorship in terms of restricted freedom of individual choices? Is there no middle position possible that will offer guarantee of security, decent standards of living, and reasonable leisure for all, yet at the same time foster initiative, invention, and zealous enthusiasm for devoted personal effort at work?

Not only does the editor of this book slight such pressing questions as those, but he makes no attempt to analyze the common trends and elements in the programs reproduced. That there are certain significant identities no less than divergencies is to be expected. And a comparative and critical examination of the documents is the least we might expect. It is therefore the more to be regretted that a social philosopher of Dr. Beard's breadth and depth should lend his name to a published effort which is illumined so little by his own refreshing and candid sagacity.

(*Continued on page* 593)

New and Noteworthy Scribner Books

The Story of My Life
by **Clarence Darrow**

"A vivid life document of great significance," says *Harry Elmer Barnes*. "As full of human interest as an egg is full of meat," declares the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

16 illustrations
465 pages $3.50

Arabia Felix
Across the "Empty Quarter" of Arabia
by **Bertram Thomas**

"There has never been such another book in our time," wrote Laurence Stallings in the *New York Sun*. "It stands with the great works: with Burton and Doughty and Blunt."

60 illustrations
397 *pages* $5.00

MOZART
by
Marcia Davenport

The human story of an immortal. "Full of rich sense of music and musicians."—*New York Herald Tribune*.

Illustrated 400 *pages* $3.50

The Young Die Good
by **Nancy Hale**

A sprightly story of modern Manhattan. $2.00

Tobacco Road
by **Erskine Caldwell**

"Conclusive evidence of Caldwell's ability."—*New York Evening Post*. $2.50

Worshipful Society
The Country House: The Patrician Fraternity
by **John Galsworthy**

"In the light of modern development, this trilogy is a valuable social document."
—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

743 *pages* $2.50

The House of Violence
by **Felicia Gizycka**

A spirited novel of the perilous edifice in which the children of divorce are reared. $2.50

The Quest of the Print
by **Frank Weitenkampf**

A well-known authority writes informatively and with charm on the many phases of print collecting.
Illustrated $3.00

The Company of Scotland (1695-1707)
Trading to Africa and the Indies
by **G. P. Insh**

A forgotten chapter in the early history of Panama is here exhaustively and dramatically described by a foremost Scottish historian.
Illustrated $4.00

at your bookstore

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS

HAVE THE HONOR

TO ANNOUNCE

THE PUBLICATION OF

"EXPRESSION IN AMERICA"

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

AN APPRAISAL

OF THE AMERICAN SPIRIT

AS SEEN

THROUGH THE LIVES

AND WORKS OF

OUR CREATIVE WRITERS

"To read it is to share the adventures of one discriminating soul among our native masterpieces."—*Joseph Wood Krutch*. Royal 8vo, 624 pages, indexed. $4.00

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

Philosophical Essays

COLLECTED PAPERS OF CHARLES SANDERS PEIRCE. Edited by CHARLES HARTSHORNE and PAUL WEISS. Volume 1: Principles of Philosophy. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1931.

Reviewed by ERNEST NAGEL
Columbia University

SOME great figures in the history of philosophy, like Spinoza, always will find admirers not only among professional students but among those who are sensitive to the majesty of a towering intellectual structure, conceived as an integrated whole and erected with classic simplicity of outline. The writings of Peirce will never appeal to non-professional readers. For although he is the most original philosophic mind this country has produced, the emotional center of his interests is too far removed from men's business and bosoms, his far-flung metaphysical system is left too incomplete, and its outlines too much swamped by curious elaborations of thought, to command other than a highly trained audience. But the influence of great men is not to be estimated by the number of those directly conversant with their works. Only a small portion of what Peirce wrote appeared in print during his lifetime, and many of his writings are difficult to secure. Nonetheless the impress of his thought on contemporary thinkers in America has been profound, and in virtue of his contributions to mathematical logic his influence has penetrated to remote quarters of Europe. When the publication of the ten volumes of his collected papers is completed, practically everything that he has ever written will be easily available, and his importance, great as it is, assuredly will grow.

It used to be the fashion to label thinkers on the basis of some obvious doctrinal allegiances and to identify philosophies as monisms, dualisms, theisms, or what not. A renewed interest in the technique of inquiry has led critical philosophers to characterize themselves on the basis of the methods or logic they employ. For it has become clear that what we are most sure of in philosophy as in science is not a particular theory, but the general method used in examining and securing evidence for it. In spite of the recklessness which some scientists exhibit in pronouncing upon all sorts of matters when they once put on slippers, what distinguishes scientists as a group is the temper of mind, the passionately critical bias with which they approach their own work. What remains more or less fixed as fashions change in science conceived as a body of doctrines, is the logic of the procedure which is the most certain avenue to truth men have yet been able to discover.

Peirce's chief influence thus far has been as a student of scientific method. In a series of generally little known but extremely important papers published in 1868, he examined the claims for certain alleged faculties of intuition by means of which men may learn the nature of the world in which they live. Anticipating much recent work in mathematics, physics, and psychology, Peirce showed that belief in such intellectual faculties, as well as in the correlated doctrine of self-evident truths was entirely ungrounded. As a consequence he broke with the Augustinian-Cartesian tradition dominating modern thought, and reaffirmed the validity of a critically conscious "common-sense" view of the world; and he opened the way to recognizing the fallible nature of our knowledge on the one hand, and the self-corrective character of sound empirical method on the other. He pointed out that the most dependable systems of knowledge are not grounded on intuitively apprehended indubitable truths, since in fact no "truths" are indubitable. But he also stressed the fact that we cannot doubt all things at once, and that a sound logic, by being neither sceptical nor dogmatic, will construct hypotheses, put them to empirical tests, reconsider a hypothesis or its verification if need be in terms of other hypotheses and observations, and so on without limit. This is the philosophy of fallibilism which finds felicitious expressions in the present volume. Fallibilism denies that any proposition in science is beyond every doubt, or that something or other can never be known, or that this or that element in science is ultimate and inexplicable. Absolute certainty, absolute exactitude, absolute universality, are ideals which may guide our inquiries, but they can never be reached by discursive thought. By tracing the implications of his own brilliant studies on the nature of scientific inference, Peirce was able to anticipate many of the central ideas of contemporary science. "Out of a contrite fallibilism, combined with a high faith in the reality of knowledge, and an intense desire to find things out, all my philosophy has always seemed to grow."

But there is another Peirce, suggested even in the writings he himself published, —a Peirce who was a metaphysician in the grand manner, who wished to outline a theory so comprehensive that the entire work of human reason would appear only as details in it. It is the speculative metaphysician in Peirce who may yet overshadow the methodologist, and who will have a chance to be heard for the first time when this edition is complete. Like some of the great pre-Socratics, Peirce believed an adequate world view could be presented only under the form of a cosmogony, in which the development of the present complexity and regularity of the universe would be traced from a primal chaos of the flux. Much of this cosmogony reads like a fantasy, the product of a crack-brained man, and it would be no difficult task for an unsympathetic critic to laugh it to scorn. But even in the form in which we now have it, it is worth careful study because of the subtle way in which justice is done to the aspects of contingency, of continuous growth, and of teleology in change, which the world presents. For it is Peirce's great merit to have combined his cosmogonic speculations with analytic studies, and a good third of the present volume is devoted to discussing the three pervasive categories under which nature may be viewed. Pure qualitative possibility, sheer factuality involving tension and struggle, and lawfulness or habit or order that governs facts in the future, are the three notes which may always be perceived in the melody and harmony and discord of existence. Unfortunately much of Peirce's acute discussion is sketchy if not obscure, and it is to be hoped that the later volumes will redeem the many promises the first one contains. Peirce had a remarkable gift for seeing the many-sidedness of things, and it is our great misfortune that circumstances of temperament and association did not permit him to work out clearly the implications of all that he saw. There is enough that is coherent, however, to supply valuable hints for resolving the strife of doctrines:—to show, for example, that belief in the reality of law is compatible with a belief in the emergence of novelties, or that a belief in the objective status of possibilities does not require a belief in hypostotic platonic forms.

One further point is all that space permits. Since the principle of continuity plays a central role in Peirce's philosophy, he can urge that the characteristics which are specifically human are continuous with characteristics in non-human nature, and that the human scene is a legitimate point of departure for discovering the generic traits of all existence. Man, therefore, is not a stranger in nature, and thought is competent to encompass the order of nature. Nature is thus essentially intelligible to man, and there is a natural tendency toward an agreement between the ideas which suggest themselves to the human mind and those which are involved in the laws of nature. This anthropomorphic strain in Peirce has been developed with some profit by both Dewey and Whitehead. It is clear, however, that much danger attends the use of principles of continuity from which an anthropomorphism follows, since if one is not careful all the specific human traits may easily be read back into the non-human scene on purely *a priori* grounds. Whitehead for one has not been able to avoid attributing human characters to inorganic things. One reader, therefore, is left with the impression that we should think twice before adopting continuity principles in the vague form in which they are expressed even in Peirce.

The present volume has been compiled, as the editors acknowledge, by what Peirce called the "pitchfork method": selections from various portions of the manuscripts have been thrown together in the hope of giving a coherent introduction to Peirce's philosophy. If the hope is not completely realized, the fault is Peirce's, and the editors deserve the thanks of all students for the labor of love they have expended on a task that must have been difficult beyond description.

Tagore on Religion

THE RELIGION OF MAN. By RABINDRANATH TAGORE. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

IT is difficult for Occidentals to understand an Oriental when he speaks of fundamental things, especially in modern times. The West has been for long almost exclusively scientific in its thought and speech, concerned with little more than the contemplation of sensory phenomena; and we are apt to deem that mystical philosophy, which is now native to India, a little sentimental and affected. This is true even of those among us who are pious, for our religious, too, have long been confined in an Aristolelian bondage; and it is true, also, even when the Oriental is one like Tagore, one who has lived among us and more than a little learned to understand our way of thinking. An imaginative enlargement of mental boundaries is required if we are to read with comprehension these exceedingly interesting and thought-provoking Hibbert Lectures, delivered in 1930 at Manchester College, Oxford. In them Tagore distils the spiritual experience by which he has made his own the mystical treasures of his land and his fathers, and seeks to explain them to us of an alien culture.

The "Man" whom he worships is not at all the "Man" whose cult is followed by our humanistic positivists. Comte would have been disgusted with this book. It is not the species, or any abstraction thereof, which is deified. It is, rather, "the Infinite Personality, whose light reveals itself through the obstruction of darkness." He calls it "the Infinite Personality of Man" because it is like man's personality, only complete and perfect. He is impatient, in a serene manner, with such persons as demand in God anything beyond personality. To him personality is not a limitation, but the highest perfection of which man may think. He has reacted from the Buddhism of the Buddha, which is essentially atheistic, and has become definitely theistic. "Religions," he says most earnestly, "are never about a God of cosmic force, but rather about the God of human personality." In this he is quite correct. Philosophy and religion are not two names for one thing.

We have lately been told that Tagore has large affiliations with Unitarianism; and that these lectures were given at Manchester College is indeed indicative of some such friendship; but nothing in the book seems *en rapport* with those contemporary Unitarians to whom we are usually asked to listen hereabouts. The tone and the thought of it seem much more near to the Catholic position.

There is in the whole volume a prose style of beauty and clarity, much to be admired. Would that more of us could write in English, our native language, as well as does this Indian poet!

Thomas Cobb, the English novelist who died not long ago, is said to have published ninety-six books and over four hundred short stories. He wrote plays also which met with some measure of success. He began his writing when he was past thirty and died at seventy-seven.

A Chapter of History

THE SHADOW OF THE POPE. By MICHAEL WILLIAMS. New York: Whittlesey House. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

MR. WILLIAMS, editor of the liberal Catholic weekly, the *Commonweal*, here undertakes to tell from the beginning the story of the various anti-Catholic movements that have developed in America. Writing on a subject of such emotional importance to him, the author might be forgiven, perhaps, if he allowed occasional indignation or irony to creep into his narrative, but happily he has not done so. In an attractively good-tempered and calm manner, he lays the well-established facts before us in objective fashion. The result is that a much-needed chapter of American history has now been adequately supplied.

The first American settlers of course brought with them the religious intolerance that was rife in their own countries. Even the efforts of Roger Williams and William Penn were unavailing to secure entire religious liberty in the colonies they founded, while Catholic Maryland, the only one to proclaim complete freedom of conscience, was taken over by the Protestants within sixty years to the accompaniment of harsh anti-Catholic restrictions. With the eighteenth century's increasing interest in politics, religious bigotry in America declined, until the Framers of the Federal Constitution took the radical step of making a fundamental separation between church and state. The lead of the Federal government was soon followed by most of the separate states in abolishing religious tests, although rock-ribbed New Hampshire clung to hers until 1877. The coming of large numbers of Irish to America during the first quarter of the nineteenth century revived anti-Catholic prejudice, however, and linked it up, apparently for all time, with nationalism. Patriotic Protestant clergymen early became active in circulating forgeries such as the notorious Maria Monk Disclosures—written by a paid prostitute with the assistance of the Rev. W. K. Hoyt—and it was the incendiary preaching of the Rev. Lyman Beecher which led to the pillaging of the Ursuline Convent in Charleston, Mass., in 1834. Then in 1835 came the formation of the Native American political party, headed by Samuel Morse, inventor of the telegraph and dabbler in social theories—a kind of earlier Henry Ford,—to be followed by the Know-Nothing party in 1852 whose rise was contemporary with renewed devastation of Catholic churches and convents. The wave of intolerance subsided during the Civil War to rise again, this time in the Middle West, with the formation of the A. P. A. in 1887. Again there came an ebb, until the recent Ku Klux Klan movement in 1921 with its aftermath in the anti-Smith campaign of 1928.

Mr. Williams goes into the history of this campaign in rather disproportionate detail. Thirty pages of facsimiles embalm the moronic broadsides that were circulated in the South and West, such as the bogus Knights of Columbus oath (a forgery dating from the Titus Oates plot of 1680) or the "Convent Horror Book," relating the sad story of Barbara Ubrick "who for twenty-one years was locked in a stone dungeon eight feet long and six feet wide in the basement of a convent because she refused to surrender her virtue to a Romish priest." They make sorry reading, but Mr. Williams is not greatly concerned by their stupidity. He takes care to point out that there was no physical violence; the appeal was only to argument, or what passes for such in the Fundamentalist Belt; the question of religious liberty was really not involved. So after all we have progressed in this one respect at least beyond the "golden day" of Emerson and Thoreau when convents were sacked instead of merely slandered.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

JUST one more batch of swimmers. Says *E. S. C., Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla.*, "In the matter of the swimmers, please add Horatius:

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place.

P. T., Worcester, Mass., says that there is a lovely tale of Swinburne's swimming too far out and being seen—on account of his red hair—at the drowning-point by a fisherman—"and so he was saved—for Watts-Dunton. His poetry is full of beautiful expressions of his love for the sea and swimming, notably 'The Triumph of Time' in 'Poems and Ballads, First Series,' and 'Ex-Voto' in 'Second Series.' I imagine Mr. Chew has a good deal to say on this subject in his book on Swinburne." And *O. M. A. L., Roxbury-in-the-Catskills,* says that perhaps John Burroughs couldn't swim, but in an early essay, "A Summer Voyage," which took him in a little boat down the upper reaches of the Delaware, he said, "Then I arose, had a delicious bath in the sweet, swift-running current, and turned my thoughts toward breakfast," while in the Barrus "Life and Letters," vol. 2 p. 128, he is quoted as writing to his son from Hawaii about bathing in "this blue and purple sea." Another authority is Frances Lester Warner, who has a delightful essay on learning to swim, called "Supervised Suicide"; this is in her "Groups and Couples."

THE Green Door Gift Shop, Washington, D. C., brings in another book shop novel, "New Dreams for Old," by Mary Badger Wilson, published last year by the Penn Publishing Co. "It is a novel in which the heroine makes a success of running a bookshop. I don't know where the author got her information, but it is explicit, accurate, and practical. And as I have a shop of my own, I know what I'm talking about." *K. F., Lansing, Mich.*, tells *F. S. B., who asked for negro spirituals in the January 30 issue*, that the best collection she has seen is the one compiled several years ago by the Jubilee Singers of Fiske University. It gives their history and a collection of songs, "with simple musical arrangements, not the intricate harmonizations lately popular." The full title is "The Story of the Jubilee Singers," compiled by J. B. T. Marsh and F. J. Loudin (Cleveland, O., Printing and Publ. Co., 27 Vincent St., 1892). I have received from *Mrs. K. N. Rosen, 445 Riverside Drive, N. Y.*, a remarkably comprehensive list of books published during 1931 in English about Russia; she has a mail order business that procures on order any books from or about Russia, in English, French, or Russian, as well as Russian posters, postcards, and picture books for children. She is a Russian who has lived here twenty-three years. It seems to me an interesting development of book specialization. Another specialist —this time not a bookseller—is *Ruth Bradford, San Marino, Cal.*, a former kindergartner, enjoying eleven years' experience with her own children, and for the last three years gathering and testing lists on Children's Literature. From this she has suggestions for the Detroit father. She sends me the lists put out by the Pacific Coast Nursery School Association Conference, Whittier College, Broadoaks Department of Education; these are for every year from two to six, and the subjects are beautifully arranged, also there are not so many titles as to be confusing. It was the result of much study, years of experience, and testing with children, on the part of specialists who have tried to stress things in story and poetry with which children have some knowledge. The aim of our 'progressive' schools for the Los Angeles curriculum is to familiarize the child first thoroughly with the world he knows and advance the wonderful classic writings till later on." The other lists cited are those of *Child Study Magazine*, in Starbuck and Shuttleworth's text-book on children's literature, in the Detroit Teachers College syllabus "Children's Literature (85 cents), and in Gardner and Ramsey's "Handbook of Children's Literature."

F. H. P., Washington, D. C., says: "Heaven forbid that I seem to cast myself as a guide to 'The Reader's Guide' and yet I want to suggest that, if you have not, you glance at Larrabee's 'What Philosophy Is' (Macy-Masius: Vanguard, 1928). This seems a book admirably planned to lead a casual curiosity into following a vein of reading which in its nature can never lead to an ultimate conclusion but which offers richer by-products than any other. And, between us, I think William James would have hailed appreciatively an occupant of a chair in philosophy who 'contribs' to The Conning Tower."

T. L., West Branch, Mich., says: "If the musical family from Pittsburgh would like to have a good song book which is cheap enough to allow one to purchase several copies, they might like 'Sociability Songs,' published by The Rodeheaver Company, 721 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. (Also at 28 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.) The books are paper bound and priced at 20c a copy or $1.80 per dozen copies. They are used by the 4-H Clubs of this state (and perhaps others) and are much more general in appeal than one might guess from the publishers.

I. A. R., Hinsdale, Ill., needs a history of the Northwest that "gives the history of that part of the country in an interesting way and is accurately historical," and also books about the Northwest; something more recent than "The Oregon Trail." G. W. Fuller's "History of the Northwest" (Knopf) published this year, will be a standard authority for years to come; the author wrote the three-volume "Inland Empire of the Pacific Northwest," published in Spokane in 1928. There have been several noteworthy additions to the literature of the Oregon Trail within the past year or so; W. J. Ghent's "The Road to Oregon" (Longmans, Green) is accurate and carefully documented, a fine work of reference. "Westward," by Edward Douglas Branch (Appleton), is a general history of the steady westward push that has called for so much of our national energy, and in this the great Oregon enterprise figures largely. "The Overland Trail," by Agnes C. Laut (Stokes), is a popular account with many pictures and maps. "Opening a Highway to the Pacific," by J. C. Bell, Jr. (Columbia University Press), goes from 1838 to 1846, a historical record. Among the personal records taken from diaries and letters are "Before the Covered Wagon," by Philip H. Parrish (Metropolitan Press, Portland, Ore.) lively accounts which appeared first in the *Oregonian* arousing strong local interest, and "Wagons West," by Elizabeth Page (Farrar & Rinehart), based on letters of Henry Page on his journey overland to California in 1849. There is an excellent book for younger readers, "Wheels Going West," by Hildegarde Hawthorne (Longmans, Green), that could well be included in this list, for its account of wagon-trail travel and Indian raids is both accurate and thrilling. This reply gives me another chance to say that "Distant Drums," by Dan Totheroh, now playing at the Belasco Theatre, New York, gives the most confirmed Easterner or the most city-bound modern a chance to come the nearest possible to taking part in this life-and-death business of reaching Oregon by covered wagon, and I hope the Pulitzer Prize people go to see it and take their notebooks.

C. R. Morris, Milton Academy, Mass., reports that Samuel Johnson, in his essay on Dryden, reports that Dryden's eldest son Charles, usher of the palace to Pope Clement XI, while visiting England in 1704, attempted to swim across the Thames at Windsor and was drowned. "Surely to drown in the shadow of Windsor is a death not to be despised by an Englishman!"

The light thrown on the comma in Carroll which revealed to me, too, that Aunt Jobiska's Cat was not, as I had thought, semi-aquatic, comes just in time for his centenary, which is taking place this February and is being celebrated on both sides of the ocean throughout most of the year: the largest exhibition is promised in London for July. I have just remembered some more swimmers; in "Mère Marie of the Ursulines," by Agnes Repplier (Doubleday, Doran), there is a lake legend says is full of skeletons—always swimming.

The New Books

(*Continued from page 591*)

Miscellaneous

TUNE IN, AMERICA. By DANIEL GREGORY MASON. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by EDWARD ROBINSON

MOST of the chapters in this book apparead originally as magazine articles dealing with various aspects of contemporary musical life in America. Subtitled "A Study of Our Coming Musical Independence," the book does not present much evidence to support the implied assumption, but is rather a series of slight essays on topics like the decline of the virtuoso, the influence of radio and other mechanical instruments, the value of school orchestras and glee clubs, the inadequacy of jazz as a basis of national art, the necessity for increased performances of native composers, the triumph of the box-office over art, the baneful effects of European domination, and other equally familiar themes.

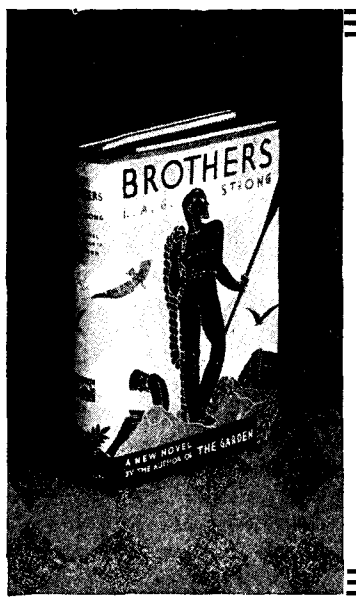
Although at times interesting, Professor Mason's discussion contributes little that is essentially new or arresting, and his analysis and conclusions seem to be based more upon personal bias than upon cogency of reasoning. He apparently bears a particular grudge against Toscanini for his failure to perform American composers, while he is insistently fond of Howard Hanson and his Rochester Orchestra, who specialize in native products. In one chapter he definitely describes America as a bewilderingly large melting-pot of races and points of view, where "little family likeness can be expected to unite our composers," who "must remain at best oddly assorted individuals"; but in another he bemoans the "insidiousness of the Jewish menace to our artistic integrity," believing that it so debauches American taste as to prevent the proper recognition of Anglo-Saxon qualities, assumed as "most subtly and quintessentially our own."

He correctly considers the growth of school music a most encouraging sign for the future, but many other statements are highly debatable. To say that radio has at least the salutary effect of tending "to eliminate entirely a large group of the merely mediocre" performers is to contradict the evidence manifest at any broadcasting studio. When he cites the modern English school of composers as an object lesson for development of local American talent, he overlooks the fact that Bantock, Holst, Lambert, Bliss, Goossens, Berners, Williams, and Walton are quite unimportant men except to home admirers. Similarly, to grow elated over Hanson's American Composers' Concerts is to take people like Bacon, Janssen, Harris, Riegger, Porter, Berkeman, Stoessel, and Whithorne much more seriously than they deserve. Confidence in the disinterestedness of these and other opinions, indeed, is seriously impaired by Professor Mason's repeated references to his own writings and compositions, which go so far as casually to include a list of his own music as among those American works "outstanding for beauty, originality, and feasibility for professional and amateur groups of ordinary technical skill."

Travel

LAND OF WONDER AND FEAR. By F. A. MITCHELL-HEDGES. Century. 1932. $4. $4.

Travelers in tropical lands may be divided into several classes, those who go for pleasure, for research, for business, and a constantly increasing number who go so that a book and syndicated articles may follow, to say nothing of radio broadcasts. To the last belongs Mr. Mitchell-Hedges's latest book. This type of work can be identified at once, as the author with a pipe always appears with a native, as a frontispiece. The journey described in this book includes the "discovery" of the ruins of Lubaantun in British Honduras. Incidentally, the Peabody Museum of Harvard University contains the only sculptured stones from this same site brought back in 1915! Other than the trip to these ruins, the route of the author did not leave the route followed by many others, to the highlands of Guatemala, thence by sea and land to Tagucigalpa, a return to the coast and down to Lake Nicaragua, with a stop on the Costa Rican coast and through the canal, eastward to Caracas. "Wild" Indians, a battle with a shark, troublesome insects, volcanoes, revolutions, and a fals arrest follow the usual order and arous "wonder" and possibly some "fear," ac cording to the title.



BROTHERS
by L·A·G·STRONG
In this, the most mature of his novels, the author of *The Garden* tells the story of Peter and Fergus Macrae, fishermen and fighters, whose family had lived in the Western Highlands for over a hundred years. And he tells more particularly the story of Fergus whose tremendous strength was of no avail against the cleverness of his brother when Mary came into their lives, with cool grey eyes and strong and lovely body. You will like the quality of Mr. Strong's writing. $2.50

Also by L·A·G·STRONG
COMMON SENSE ABOUT POETRY
A poet and student of poetry, as well as a novelist, Mr. Strong explains what poetry is and what it is not. He discusses its value and the best methods of approach in such a way that Louis Untermeyer said of the book. "A wholly unusual piece of work . . . he has combined a poet's consideration of poetry with a teacher's analysis of it . . ." $1.50
ALFRED·A·KNOPF·PUBLISHER

BORZOI BOOKS
At All Bookshops

Latest ENGLISH Success!
Here's what London's saying about this novel of What A Young Nation Ought to Know . . . "Excellent parody, excellent satire."—*Observer*. "He has an eye for absurdity, a pretty turn of wit."—*Telegraph*. "Pure joy from first to last."—*Express*. $2. Why Not Tonight? DOUBLEDAY, DORAN.
Christopher Morley's
SWISS FAMILY MANHATTAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Gossip Shop

By RACHEL FIELD

MARCH was Emily Dickinson's favorite month. We think it might be ours, too, except that fall dummy material is now due, and our license to drive "a moving vehicle" needs to be renewed, and then the fifteenth will be coming round almost before we realized St. Valentine's Day was over!

By this time Marian Fiery, who formerly headed the Knopf children's Book Department, has moved over to the G. P. Putnam Sons' office in the same capacity. We haven't been up to see her at her new desk, though we intend to the next time we are on West 45th Street at an hour when editors can be found at desks.

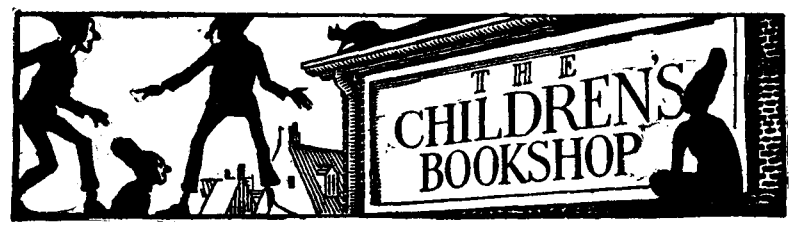
Hugh Lofting, we hear from Helen Dean Fish of Stokes, is at work upon a new juvenile for next fall. This is to be "Gub-Gub's Book." In case you don't remember Gub-Gub he was the pig in "Dr. Dolittle" who said he was going to write the history of food in twenty volumes. It has turned out, however, to be only one volume, but then Mr. Lofting is doing a lot of pictures for it by way of making up.

Emily P. Street, who used to be with Stokes, and who is now with Morrow and Company, tells us that that firm intends to go slow on juveniles for the present, publishing only those for which they have the highest enthusiasm. That seems like a very good idea indeed, almost as good as the suggestion (we unfortunately forget who made it) that there should be a moratorium called for picture books,—always, of course, excepting those by Dorothy P. Lathrop, Boris Artzybasheff, Elizabeth MacKinstry, and a few others.

The Macmillan Company helped celebrate the Lewis Carroll centenary on January 27th last, by bringing out a special edition of "Alice." This is a facsimile of the original hand printed and illustrated manuscript which Carroll made for Alice herself, and which recently sold for all those fabulous pounds in a London auction. We remember hanging over the glass case in the New York Public Library when it was on exhibition there, longing to turn the pages to see more of the scratchy, vigorous sketches on which Tenniel based his familiar illustrations. This new-old edition costs a dollar and is exactly what we have been waiting years to possess.

From the Macmillan children's book department has come "The Here-to-Yonder Girl," by Esther G. Hall, a story for girls with a background of Kentucky Mountain life. It is full of southern mountain folk lore and scraps of old songs and superstitions are cleverly interwoven with the action. Another Spring title from the same department will be Alice Dalgliesh's "Choosing Book" for rather young readers. Miss Dalgliesh promises that there will be enough dogs and dolls and toys in it to please even us. We are also looking forward to "Magic Portholes," by Helen Follett, the mother of Barbara. This, we understand, is a new kind of travel book which grew out of this mother and daughter's experiences on a long sea voyage aboard a tramp steamer a year or two ago. It is to be a Junior Literary Guild choice as is also Constance Lindsay Skinner's "Debby Barnes, Trader." This story has an early American background, and we can think of no one better able to please the difficult and demanding " 'teen age" than Miss Skinner whose "Silent Scot" and "Becky Landers" were so successful several seasons ago. In her new book a young girl travels old roads with a peddler's pack on her back, finding adventure and a lost sister, to whom she is reunited by means of a silver teaspoon.

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR "PEACOCK'S EGGS," BY MARGARET AND MARY BAKER (Duffield & Green)



Conducted by KATHERINE ULRICH

Pamela Bianco recently returned to New York from two years of painting in Italy, part of the time on a Guggenheim Fellowship. She says she is working on a book of fantastic tales of which she will be both author and artist. Her mother, Margery Williams Bianco, also has a couple of new books under way for next season. Last month she gave a talk in Boston under the auspices of Bertha Mahony and the Bookshop for Boys and Girls on "The World of Imagination and Children's Books." It was the third in a series of lectures on different phases of books for children. Anne Carroll Moore of the New York Public Library gave one in November and May Massee of Doubleday, Doran spoke in December.

Speaking of the New York Public Library, there is now on exhibition in the childrens' room a water color portrait of a little boy which has come straight from the Albany studio of Dorothy P. Lathrop. We think it one of the most delightful things that has come out of that pleasant place where we once spent a memorable Washington's Birthday.

Another book is out from the pen and brush (or should I say scissors?) of the Baker Sisters, Margaret and Mary. It is called "Peacock Eggs," and has the same simple charm of the tales of the Brothers Grimm, with very spirited and charming silhouette illustrations throughout. Duffield and Green are the publishers.

Although the third book of "The Three Owls," (Coward-McCann) written and edited by Anne Carroll Moore from various articles which appeared during 1927 to 1930 in *Books* of the *Herald Tribune*, has been out since November we have only lately received our copy. But since its coming we confess to having read it many times when we ought to have been doing other things. Veritable treasure is here and we rejoiced as we went from one favorite chapter to another.

In a hospital over on East Sixty-first Street Louise Seaman is recovering from a broken hip. Almost any afternoon now there's a standing room only sign on her door and the four corners cluttered with such visitors as Padraic Colum, Helen Sewell, the Haders, Boris Artzybasheff, the Lynd Wards, Alice Dalgliesh, Hendrick Van Loon, Anne Parrish, and others. One day when we went there we found Katherine Seymour giving a full-fledged puppet show at the foot of the bed, and upon another occasion we made the acquaintance of Miss Seaman's most important Valentine,—a black and tan dachshund with a very high forehead, Mr. Nathaniel Winkle by name. Well, that's what it is to be in the publishing business!

Polly and Her Parrot

THE STUFFED PARROT. By PARKER FULMORE. Illustrated by PHILIP BRITCHER. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by MARY B. GRAY

THIS is a rare book being a good modern story of real life for the eight to twelve-year olds with just the right balance between simplicity and grown-up knowledge and seriousness to fit those ages and told in good unhackneyed prose. The illustrations, too, are quite simple, but good in color and design. The story tells of a little girl named Polly and her Spanish parrot Paquinteo and what happens when they go together to visit Polly's aunt. The happenings are rather unusual for they are concerned with a poor old woman named Crazy Mary who has a mania for birds, and with how the children, at first afraid of her, learn to understand and later to help her, incidentally helping a spoiled and selfish small boy at the same time. There is a good deal of moral, but children like morals if they are properly done, and not too definitely pointed against them.

Spirit of the East

THE JOYOUS STORY OF ASTRID. By L. ADAMS BECK. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by EUNICE TIETJENS

THIS tale is the first juvenile by the late L. Adams Beck, whose colorful stories of the Orient have long been familiar to grown-up readers. In it she sets forth, with great beauty in the writing, the story of Astrid, a lovely "moonchild," and her adventures in a mystic wood. Strung throughout the narrative are oriental tales from several nations, which are told by a beautiful Lady whom the reader suspects of being the Lady in the Moon herself.

Outwardly the story is that of a little girl and her companions among the friendly animals. But inwardly it is an account of the progress of a sweet and simple soul through many of the degrees of oriental mysticism, ending with the soul's absorption into the spirit of the universe itself, which in the story is called "The Back of Beyond." Especially charming are the "mind-flowers" made by Astrid and the animals alike, which come alive as soon as they are completely realized. The temptations of the soul, fear, the assertion of the outward self, and the cold waters of death, are symbolically set forth, all happily and naturally, and all, I think, within the understanding of the child. It is in its way an extraordinary achievement and one which needed doing. Our children are given all too little of this deeper realization, and fed all too much on the practical facts of the external universe.

Yet the story has one difficulty which is likely to prevent its real worth being realized. It has in an even greater degree than her stories for grown-ups L. Adams Beck's great disadvantage, her sentimentality. Without this she would have been one of the greatest writers of our day. And it is my experience that children, though many of them are keenly sensitive to qualities of the spirit, yet are not as a rule sentimental. They are so beautifully practical! And when they are aware of something deeper they manage to accept it so simply as a part of living, and to see no essential difference between the outward and the inward facts! It is only with us grown-ups that the two tend to become antagonistic.

The oriental tales themselves, too, which are set in the mystic matrix, seem to me to be confused. The one or two of which I recognize the germ of the original are so altered to suit the main theme that one can no longer distinguish the national flavor which gave them birth. One would think in reading them that all the nations of the Orient had much the same character and outlook on life, than which nothing could be more false, as Mrs. Beck well knew. It were better, I think, to stick to one nation at a time, and thus give something solid and coherent of its own national flavor.

Yet in spite of these difficulties "The Joyous Story of Astrid" seems to me a real contribution, one of the first attempts to give to Western civilization the great spiritual heritage of the East in a form children can understand.

Arctic Inhabitants

PENN THE PENGUIN. By ALLEN CHAFFEE. Illustrations by HENRY SUSSKIND. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by HELEN C. BOOTH

AFTER you have read this adventurous tale you will know pretty well what it feels like to be a penguin. Penn, the hero, marches his band of Adelie penguins to a summering place in the Frozen South. He walks at the head of an endless penguin line, all in formal black coats with shining white bosoms.

Almost at once you are introduced to the dangers of the journey. There is the spotted sea-leopard who lies in wait. Penn is leader, and so he must screw up his courage and be the first to jump into the icy water. There are grampuses who are clever enough to tip up an ice floe and catch their prey as it slides off. And skua gulls who try to outwit the parent birds at nesting time.

They meet for the first time the Great Blue Whale with its mighty *whooch* and giant spout, and its baby with a diminutive *whoosh* and tiny spout, who always swim close by.

Finally, the long journey over, the penguins arrive at their summer dwelling place. Home-making begins in earnest. After a day's steady fighting with a boastful rival, Penn wins the right to present to the lady of his choice a penguin love token. With a low bow he places before her a smooth round stone, and sings a love song on three notes. With a low bow Hennie accepts, picks up the stone in her beak and with it starts her nest.

We also meet the Boobies, a flighty, shiftless pair who cannot even choose a proper nesting place. After sitting for several days in a puddle Mrs. Booby discovers her eggs are spoiled. Penn is sorry in spite of himself, but it is his wife who has the advanced social viewpoint. "To my mind," says she, "it's a good thing people like the Boobies seldom raise a family."

Then there is the whirlie! Fancy a blizzardy whirl of snow that could lift a heavy, dignified bird like Penn high up in the air, carry him almost home and deposit him, very much ruffled, near his own door sill. Poor Penn! He has braved the storm for the food his family needed, and here are the expectant twins, squealing "Meeee, feed meeeee!" To his surprise his wife comforts him with a gentle beak. "Oooo, ah, your are always wonderful."

After the young birds have grown, have learned to swim and dive and fish for themselves, all bands start back for their islands. We leave the penguins standing in admiration before a display of southern lights.

The story is based on actual zoölogical data brought back by explorers. For example, the child will learn that the mother and father bird take turns sitting on the white, green-lined eggs; that the young birds experience some ancient carry-over from flying days and show the impulse to fly, though the flipper is all that is left of a one-time wing.

The book is well written and the pictures of penguins in action, done in black and white on blue or green backgrounds, give a cold, crisp atmosphere that goes well with the subject matter.

Plantation Life

MISS JIMMY DEAN AND WHAT HAPPENED AT PLEASANT MEADOWS. By ROSE B. KNOX. Illustrated by MANNING DE V. LEE. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1931. $2.

A NEW book by the authors of "The Boys and Sally" in which a Miss Jimmy Dean and her little black companion go through many harum scarum adventures with brooks, and fires, and ponies, and older sister's weddings in the free life of an old Southern plantation—always under the protection of a doting family and negro slaves ruled over by a real Major Domo in the person of old black Manning. It is well told with a background sufficiently romantic to be interesting, yet sufficiently true to life to be worth while.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Compleat Collector.

RARE BOOKS · FIRST EDITIONS · FINE TYPOGRAPHY

Conducted by Carl Purington Rollins & John T. Winterich

"Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold."

Three Years After

TRAIN up a periodical in the way it should go and while it is still young it is likely to depart from it. Often the departure is at least in some degree for the best; an editorial formula ought always to be a liquid asset, amenable to expansion in response to the ordered fire of enthusiasm that glows beneath it. But expansion need not be sheer volatility. Even the least regulated of periodicals must exist by virtue of its subscribers, and subscribers sometimes exhibit an annoying wilfulness to retain in their consciousnesses editorial formulæ which editors have forgotten all about.

It is now nearly three years since the *Colophon* issued its "letters patent for a new periodical for book collectors" and offered to the world, for better for worse, as architecturally definite a platform as was ever designed to sustain a publishing venture. Its planks were these:

The reader to whom the *Colophon* will be directed already collects books and knows why. Its appeal, therefore, cannot be elementary, nor will it be a vehicle of collecting propaganda. Its tastes will be as catholic as the tastes of the *Colophon's* readers, as catholic as the tastes of all its contributors.

The *Colophon's* primary concern will be with collected and collectable books —first editions, fine printing, incunabula, association books, Americana, bibliography, and manuscripts. The subject of book illustration will receive attention, and significant examples, whether in copper plate, lithograph, or woodcut, will be printed either from the original plates or blocks or reproduced in facsimile by one of the photo-mechanical processes.

The *Colophon* will have at least eighty pages of text, frequently with special inserts exemplifying experiment and achievement in book design from important American and foreign presses. The cover of each number will be from a special drawing by some distinguished American artist. The number of copies printed will be limited to two thousand, solely because the mechanical requirements will be such that a larger printing could not have the high quality of craftsmanship which the editors wish the publication to attain. The advertising, no less than the editorial content, must conform to a high typographic standard.

Part Nine of the *Colophon*—the first number of the third volume—has just been issued and will receive due attention in this department; pending specific notice, it may be interesting to consider how closely the publication has adhered to the manifesto which it promulgated in the halcyon summer of 1929. Microscopic analysis of the original bill of intentions discloses three details wherein the quarterly has not hewed to the line. It promised "at least eighty pages of text" and has averaged closer to one hundred; in the second and third years the size of the edition was increased to three thousand without any sacrifice in "high quality of craftsmanship"; instead of admitting only advertising conforming to "a high typographic standard" it has contrived to survive without admitting any advertising at all.

The fact that that invariably vocal ogre, Old Subscriber, appreciates the consistent maintenance of the originally declared policy is reflected in statistics which the sponsors of the quarterly have just given out. Volume One, offered at ten dollars a year, was greeted with such a flood of over-subscriptions that the proprietors were reduced to the unenviable necessity of returning six thousand dollars to such as desired wisely but too late. But even before Part One was ready for mailing, the apple-cart of the post-war boom had upset and the apple-stand had taken its place. In due season Volume Two was none the less announced, at a fifty per cent increase in the subscription price, and it is eloquent testimony to the regard in which the *Colophon* is held that fewer than one hundred 1931 subscriptions are still available.

Not quite two thousand subscriptions have so far been received for the current year (Volume Three), and here emerges the most significant statistical data of all. Gloom of economic night has not prevented one thousand of the *Colophon's* original subscription list from standing by into the third year. More than six hundred 1931 subscribers are among the present year's renewals, and more than two hundred names on the 1932 roster are those of new subscribers. It is plain that the *Colophon* is not immediately looking forward to the day when files will be listed in the auction catalogues followed by the melancholy designation "all published."

J. T. W.

ONE MORE FORMULA

The first number of the *Book Collector's Packet* will soon be ready for distribution; its prospectus, recently issued by one of the most devoted and ingenious collectors of prospectuses (who should therefore be an authority on their preparation), has by now been placed in the hands of as many potential subscribers as could be reached. And as this week's discussion is so largely concerned with editorial programs, it is fitting that the franchise of the *Packet* should be offered in extenso:

> Here is a new monthly review of fine books, bibliography, typography, and kindred literary subjects. It will be valuable and entertaining to you because: *First,* it contains unusual bibliographical notes and bibliographies of exceptional matters and authors that you will not find so thoroughly treated elsewhere; *Second,* it contains essays on typography and book making of the present as well as the past; *Third,* it reviews the new books that are of greatest interest to collectors, and these are given comment for their outstanding features, be they bibliophily, typography, first edition value, or what not; *In All* the *Book Collector's Packet* is a monthly news letter containing items addressed to every book lover, without a half-point of extraneous matter. Slight enough, four large pages at first and later no more than eight, there is no danger of prolixity, but it will, none the less be pungently worded and entirely intriguing. It is edited by Paul Johnston, contributor to the *Fleuron* and the *Colophon,* and well known as the author of *Biblio-Typographica* and many other bookographic essays.
>
> The first issue, to be published in March, is now in press. Subscriptions received at once will begin with this issue. The publishers cannot guarantee a reprinting of this first issue in case tardy subscribers desire to revert to it. Let this spur you to promptness. No issues are for sale separately. A subscription to twelve numbers is $1.80. If you prefer them printed on Worthy Hand and Arrows (permanent) paper, the price is $2.80.

Conradana

The world's store of bibliographical data concerning the books of Joseph Conrad is as nearly definitive as such conclusions can ever hope to be, thanks largely to the fact that one of Conrad's intimates of many years, now one of the executors of his estate, was (and happily is yet), a skilled student of the niceties of bibliographical research. Richard Curle's contributions to Conradana have themselves assumed such proportions that a friend, Professor Herbert West of Dartmouth, urged upon him "in a mood of humorous enthusiasm" the compilation of a manual of this material, and the manual has just been issued as "A Handlist of the Various Books, Pamphlets, Prefaces, Notes, Articles, Reviews and Letters Written about Joseph Conrad by Richard Curle 1911-1931." Two hundred and fifty copies have been privately printed at Brookville, Pennsylvania, and Alfred F. Goldsmith of Lexington Avenue, New York, is acting as distributor. The compilation costs one dollar—perhaps a new low for a production of such strict limitation.

The title of the handlist may suggest a more bulky and imposing compendium than greets the eye, though it is difficult to see how the title could have been more tightly compacted without sacrifice of clarity. There are twenty-three pages of text, including a short introduction wherein Mr. Curle modestly admits "that I do not quite understand yet why I should have gone to all this trouble, for from the very first it never occurred to me that such a booklet could be of the faintest real interest to anybody but myself, or of the slightest real value to anybody at all. Theoretically, I suppose, it might be useful to students, but the type of student who wants to read everything that one man has written about another is a myth." Come, come! Are all Boswellians candidates for bulfinch? J. T. W.

Inlaid and jeweled bindings, fore-edge paintings, and illuminated manuscripts were included in a sale of rare books selected from the libraries of Long Island collectors, with additions, held recently at the American Art Association-Anderson Galleries, Inc.

The illuminated manuscripts on vellum include a fifteenth century French Book of Hours from the Robert Hoe collection. This manuscript was written in Latin for the use of the church at Besançon. Modern manuscripts on vellum appearing in the sale include "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; "Thanatopsis," by William Cullen Brya in a jeweled binding; "The Rubaiyat Omar Khayyám," inlaid and jeweled, a Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal" in an laid jeweled armorial binding.

Some weeks ago, the Junior League of Elizabeth started, for the Emergency Relief Administration, a Second-hand Book Shop in 257 North Broad St., Elizabeth, N. J. All the employees are from the city's unemployed and all the money made goes to the city's relief fund. To date, over 3,500 books have been sold.

Counter Attractions

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS' ITEMS :: STAMPS & PRINTS :: LITERARY SERVICES

BARGAIN OFFERS

PRIVATELY PRINTED BOOKS. The largest publishers of privately printed and limited editions in the United States invite you to send for their free literature. Prospectuses on unexpurged publications dealing with curiosa and esoterica will also be sent gratis to adults upon request. Panurge, Incorporated, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"MEMOIRS OF CASANOVA," two volumes, unabridged ($15.00), our price $4.95. Send for catalogue of unusual books. APEX BOOK CO., 246 Fifth Ave., New York City.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore. 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BOOK PLATES

ULTRA-MODERN WOODCUTS, HAND CARVED, printed in color. 25 for 75 cents. Samples 10 cents. EROS BOOKPLATES, Dept. S-R-72, 1609 North Broad, Philadelphia, Pa.

BOOKBINDING

WHAT THE WELL DRESSED BOOK ıould Wear. A Bennett Binding of Hand-ooled Imported Leather—Morocco, Levant Calf—Modernistic, Period or Conven-ıal Design—According to Date and Con-ıt. Bennett Book Studios, Inc., Hand ıokbinders and Wholesale Dealers, 240 'est 23rd Street, New York City.

CRITICISM AND TYPING

WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE a concrete and constructive criticism of your manuscript? Or do you wish to have it polished, edited and typed? Send it to us. We have done work of this sort for both new and established authors and we can assure you that your manuscript would receive expert attention and careful consideration. If you would care to submit your material, we shall be glad to give you an estimate of the cost. Address Editorial Service, c/o The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

FRENCH BOOKS

The FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York. French Novels, Dictionaries, Art, Unusual, Rare Books, over 500,000 in stock. Rare French books and Libraries bought. Mail-orders, information, prompt. Big Catalogue 20c (stamps).

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th Street, New York. Catalogues, 5 cents (stamps).

GENERAL

ODD CURIOS, unusual and extraordinary books, and Autographs. Write for catalogue. State your own interests. Union Square Bookshop, 30 East 14th Street, New York.

GENERAL

THE BOOK COLLECTOR'S PACKET, a monthly news letter for book lovers. Contains reviews and articles on fine books, bibliography, typography, and kindred literary matters. Edited by Paul Johnston. Subscription, $1.80 for 12 numbers (monthly), or on Hand & Arrows (permanent) paper $2.80 same. The Crow's Nest, *publishers,* Meriden, Conn.

LITERARY SERVICES

STORY IDEAS FOR PHOTOPLAYS, talking pictures, magazines. Accepted any form for revision, development, copyright, and submission to markets. Established 1917. Free booklet gives full particulars. Universal Scenario Company, 411 Meyer Bldg., Western & Sierra Vista, Hollywood, Calif.

MANUSCRIPTS ANALYZED, criticized, revised, prepared for publication, marketed. Book manuscripts a specialty. Twenty-five years' experience as writer, editor, publisher. Helpful textbooks. Catalogue. James Knapp Reeve and Agnes M. Reeve, Box A, Franklin, Ohio.

YOUR MANUSCRIPT SHOULD BE sold! This office sells plays, novels, short stories, published books or produced plays for motion pictures. International connections, publications planned. Editor, literary advisor. Grace Aird, Inc., 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

LITERARY SERVICES

AUTHORS—BEFORE Submitting Manuscripts to publishers consult us for expert editorial, marketing opinion. Moderate reading, revision charges. Riggs and Riggs, 1 University Place, New York.

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY Agent. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT Books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

TYPOGRAPHY

PRIVATE INDIVIDUALS' BOOKS; Designed and made according to the finest principles. S. A. Jacobs, 3 Milligan Place, New York.

SCHEDULE OF RATES

THE ADVERTISING RATES FOR THIS classified page are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy minimum twelve words, 7 cents a word for one insertion; for any less number of insertions 10 cents a word for one insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department GH, The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers, 386 Fourth Avenue, *New York*

Any man can make history: only a genius can write it.
LEON TROTSKY *has done both.*

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE HISTORIANS OF 2032 A.D.

On February 27, 1932, A.D., at 9 o'clock Eastern Standard Time *The Inner Sanctum* of SIMON AND SCHUSTER published *The History of the Russian Revolution* by LEON TROTSKY.

That day marked the fifteenth anniversary of the first climax of the Russian Revolution, and at the time the book was released the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics was more than half way through with its Five Year Plan . . . Lenin was dead . . . Stalin was supreme dictator in Moscow . . . and Trotsky was living in exile in Istanbul, Turkey. . . .

The publishers announced that from a purely historical point of view this work of LEON TROTSKY was the most important book they had ever issued. AS HISTORIANS OF A LATER CENTURY YOU ALONE CAN PASS JUDGEMENT ON THEIR OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT:

"Here is history written by the man who made it. Never before has so colossal a revolution—perhaps the most important single event in the history of Modern Europe—been retraced and explained by one of its leaders. In these pages we hear the past exchanging shots with the future. . . . For the first time in history we see the forcible entrance of the masses into the sphere of rulership over their own destiny.

"We see its melodramatic trajectory traced in terms of critical days, critical hours, critical minutes. Those who have read advance proofs of MAX EASTMAN'S *magnificent translation from the original Russian are already comparing the book with the foremost historical classics, with* GIBBON, *with* CARLYLE. *Had* ROBESPIERRE *been able to set down the history of the French Revolution, and* BONAPARTE *employed his desolate St. Helenan hours to record the Napoleonic era, had* CROMWELL *turned from the sword to the pen, books might have been comparable to this of* LEON TROTSKY."

A behind-the-scenes note on the circumstances under which *The History of the Russian Revolution* was written: There are twenty-seven years of research and leadership . . . years in the forefront of revolution, years in prison, years in the principal capitals of the world, years in Siberia . . . behind the five hundred and twenty-one pages of this book. The actual writing was done under dramatic conditions, on a lonely island on the Asiatic side of Turkey, necessitating the verification of documentary data by telegraphic advices, air mail, and trusted couriers, in the face of an iron censorship by the STALIN regime. At least six scholars who helped TROTSKY on his earlier historical researches are now in prisons and other places of exile in Siberia and Central Asia. . . . By a strange paradox of history, this first-hand *History of the Russian Revolution* cannot get into Russia.

. . . A hundred years have passed. Time has done its work. . . . Does the historical and critical judgment of the twenty-first century confirm or invalidate the twenty-one gun salutes of February 27, 1932? The readers of that day would like to know, especially

ESSANDESS.

TO BOOKSELLERS:

Every bookseller knows the importance of having his customers stop in at his shop frequently. Why not provide a reason for a weekly visit by offering copies of *The Saturday Review of Literature* for sale?

You will make a profit on every copy sold, your customers will have authoritative reviews of the books displayed on your counters, and they will be kept in the buying mood because they will know about the interesting new publications being issued.

For information concerning bulk rates and shipment, please write to:
Bookstore Department
The Saturday Review of Literature
25 West 45th Street, New York City

The PHŒNIX NEST

AGAIN the Chatham entertained friends of the Literary Guild recently in a tea for *Richard Boleslavski,* author, in collaboration with *Helen Woodward,* of "Way of the Lancer," a new book published by Bobbs-Merrill which is bound to attract attention for certain unsparing passages at least. We did not attend this tea, being behind with our work, but the next afternoon we went round to a gathering sponsored by *Kathleen Norris,* who has lately returned from abroad. In Italy she was received by the Pope. We are sure we shall never be received by the Pope. But then we are pretty much of an infidel. . . .

We have been told on good authority that "Kamongo" by *Homer W. Smith,* The Viking Press (which is one of the two Book-of-the-Month selections for April), is a "natural" and well worth recommending. . . .

Our passion for the theatre lately took us to a matinee of "Hay Fever," whose lines we found amusing, though the casting left something to be desired. *Constance Collier* rather scared us, even across the footlights. And yet this proved to be one of the most enjoyable afternoons we have spent for a long time! . . .

We had determined to stop this cat poem business entirely, but *Edna Holroyd Yelland* sends us in an observation suggested by the cats that play in the Souk Midhat Pacha, the Street Called Straight, set down in Damascus about a year ago. Hence:

DAMASCUS

Long-haired kittens of Damascus, why are you playing in the street of St. Paul?

You should lie in courtyards paved with marble, the hot fertile breath of fig trees around you, the sound of fountains in your ears.

This is the street of Paul's conversion, it is the Street called Straight.

Though its bazaars have the bright wares of Syria and Palestine, and its awnings are of crimson and blue, it is a Christian street, its essence is austere.

You are Muslim, your lineage is of Teheran and Baghdad; your eyes are solemn, but your emanations are frivolous.

Go into the yard of the Azem Palace; the guardian is not always watchful; play in the spray of the Sultana's fountain; find the fretted entrance to the Sultana's silent pavilion and fish for your likeness in the high-sided pool of azure tile.

You have been there before, many generations of you, lying on striped silken cushions of Damascus; it is your own place.

Do not spend your brightness in the street of St. Paul. . . .

The late *Arnold Bennett,* it seems, kept a journal from 1896 on. The original numbered over a million words. His friend *Newman Flower* has now made a careful selection from it. The published work will consist of three independent volumes. The Viking Press has announced the first of these, entitled "The Journal of Arnold Bennett (1896-1910)," for publication in late April or early May, simultaneous with its publication in London. Future volumes will be issued at intervals of not more than six months. . . .

We are glad to see that the Whitney Museum of American Art has recently had on exhibition certain *Thomas Nast* cartoons. As a boy we had a book of Nast's cartoons and pored over them constantly. He was certainly the greatest of American cartoonists. He invented those political symbols, the Democratic Donkey, the Republican Elephant, the Tammany Tiger. He died at Guayaquil, Ecuador, where he was American consul, in 1902. . . .

Idella Purnell, poet, editor, and author of a number of delightful children's books, has been appointed Dean of the Summer Session of the University of Guadalajara, which is situate at Jalisco, Mexico. Miss Purnell's magazine, *Palms,* which she has edited for a number of years, will be remembered for its services to contemporary American poetry. The first Summer Session at Guadalajara begins on June 29th and lasts until August 13th. The State of Jalisco is famous for its picturesque charros, beautiful women, mines, agriculture, pottery, and blankets. Guadalajara is a typical Mexican city unspoiled by foreign influence. *Hildegarde Flanner* has now been persuaded to come to the University and conduct a course in verse writing. . . .

The New York School of the Theatre (*Elizabeth B. Grimball,* Director) presents for the first time on Monday and Tuesday evenings, March 14-15, at 9 o'clock at Roerich Hall, 310 Riverside Drive at 103d Street, "Antigone," being a new translation of the Antigone of Sophocles, by *Shaemas O'Sheel.* Orchestra Seats will be reserved at seventy-five cents and Balcony seats (general admission) will be twenty-five cents. . . .

Chase S. Osborn writes us from Poulan, Worth County, Georgia:

> You have seen almost everything in literature and you know so much that I hesitate to ask if you are familiar with *Captain Granger Whitney's* privately published poems, written for and dedicated to the rare old Prismatic Club of Detroit? In many ways they are inimitable. Surely they are unusual. Of a certainty they have merit. I have one copy which I can send on to you to look over if it will not be an inconvenience to return it.

We should be very glad to see the volume, as we have not, unfortunately, any acquaintance with the work of Captain Whitney. . . .

And by the way, though Chase S. Osborn's permanent home is in Michigan, we are delighted with the title of his Georgia place, which is " 'Possum Poke in 'Possum Lane." . . .

Our welcome to our distinguished visitor, *Gerhart Hauptmann.* When *Mayor Walker* mentioned that he had seen one of Hauptmann's plays, "Die Versunkene Glocke," at the old Madison Square Garden, we ourselves recalled having seen that stirring drama of Hauptmann's, "The Weavers," at the same place. By the time you read this Herr Hauptmann may have returned to Germany where he is obliged to be one of the main speakers at the centennial festival of Goethe in Weimar.

The author of "Mozart," published by Scribner, is *Marcia Davenport,* the daughter of *Alma Gluck.* This is the first biography by an American of the famous composer. . . .

The Faraday Medal, awarded for conspicuous services to electrical science, has been given to *Sir Oliver Lodge* by the Institution of Electrical Engineers.

And, finally to end the cat business upon which *Frances Frost's* original poem started us, we can only quote in part from a letter from *George Grantham Bain* of New York:

> To complete the feline cycle, you should have The Frustrate Cat—not the satisfied watcher at St. Bartholomew's or his mate, but the typical apartment pet, so common in New York, who knows nothing and suspects little of the joys of the midnight parade. . . . The typical apartment cat is represented by Prince Chichibu, the most glorious and the most worshipped of Orange Cats, who sits in state on his cushion in the treasured marqueterie chair of the living-room, sleeps in the small of his master's back at night, studies the papers as they lie on the hall-floor in the early morning, gorges himself on such delicacies as liver and bacon, kidney stew, rice pudding, and Spanish cream—but with all the luxuries of appetite spread before him, still visions in his imagination another expression of his nature which fate has denied him. That he is celebrated in parody and not in original verse is no evidence of his unworthiness but rather of the literary incompetence of his family. . . . His vision was quickened recently by the apparition of a Lady Cat on the fire escape outside his window—that fire escape on which he parades by the hour, looking for birds which vanish at sight of him, and watching with avid curiosity the activities of his neighbors. He was upset by the encounter. For a brief time he was not his kindly self. He chafed at restraint. He even scratched the hand that fed him. But in time the evidences of the timely visitor having been washed out by the rain, he resumed his old attitude of devotion to his family. Prince Chichibu is again his own sweet conformable self. He adapts himself to the conditions of apartment life. But in the back of his head is still the vague longing for the life denied him. . . .

And that will be about all of cat tragedies!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

TO THOSE
whose sense of daring has not been quenched by modern life:

this should be more than "a publishers' blurb" . . . it should be a challenge to adventure. Here, in the taprooms of Colonial inns, along the waterfront of old Philadelphia, in the court of Fontainebleau, "a Twentieth Century Dickens" finds romance. Breathe, with him, the tang of salt wind! — succumb to the witchery of a girl with red-gold hair—engage in a deadly feud over gold from a Spanish pirate ship. Thrill to plottings, intrigues, duels and fights at sea —all against the rumble of Revolution . . . *drums in the dawn!* Here's a novel that will blast worries out of your head. It's a breath of refreshing reality out of more spacious times—the perfect book for the Washington Bicentennial year — a romance which makes you wonder: What of a fortune lost if love is won?

DRUMS IN THE DAWN

By John T. McIntyre

$2. Doubleday, Doran

The "Talkies"
WANT YOUR
Screen Stories

Talking Picture Producers are now looking for new and more wholesome stories than those which have been produced heretofore. Get out your stories you have laid aside and send them to me. If they are salable I can sell them—if they are not salable I will show you the essential elements necessary for success by giving your story a careful reading and an honest and sincere criticism and suggested revision.

Have you ever tried to sell a story direct to the studios?

Have you ever considered having a screen story agent—one who is both authors' and producers' representative—to handle your stories in Hollywood, where the majority of the world's screen stories are purchased?

Send your stories to me. My twelve years' successful experience selling stories of established authors and also of the unknown writer has placed me in a position where I have welcome entrée to all the studios in Hollywood. This gives you a wonderful opportunity to be more successful in marketing your stories.

Write now for *free* information.

ADELINE M. ALVORD
Authors' and Producers' Representative
Desk 1-32, Hollywood Security Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

A NEW NOVEL
The Strange Adventures of
Jonathan Drew
A ROLLING STONE
AS TAKEN DOWN BY
Christopher Ward, Esq.
$2-50
SIMON AND SCHUSTER

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS AND LEARNED SOCIETIES
Wishing to copyright and publish important works in America are invited to correspond with
THE PRINTING HOUSE OF WILLIAM EDWIN RUDGE
475 Fifth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED